

Sports Illustrated

APRIL 6, 1965

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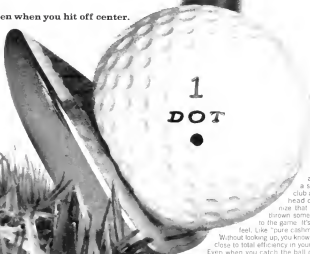
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Next week

TWO-FOR-ONE NIGHT in New York matches Light Heavyweight José Torres and Willie Postorino and Welterweight José Stabile and Emilio Griffin. Edwin Shrank reports on the fights.

TURTLENECKS and cashmere and banker's gray flannels are part of golf's new look. Henry Kessler paints the pros and the amateurs at the Crosby, where golf fashions begin.

NUMBER TWO LION of Ethiopia is Abebe Bikila, only man to win the Olympic marathon twice. John Underwood pays a memorable call to the home of the proud and splendid runner.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Anthony L. James

As you may have surmised, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** writers are encouraged to express their opinions in their individual, bylined stories. The magazine also has its collective opinion, and the vehicle for its expression—our editorial page—is **SCORECARD**, which is presided over by Martin Kane. Not all of **SCORECARD** endorses views—often it merely reflects the odd or significant news of sport as supplied by our correspondents around the world. But in any or all of its moods, **SCORECARD** turns out to be one of the most enthusiastically read sections of the magazine.

Senior Editor Kane is necessarily deskbound in our New York office most of the time. Occasionally, however, he escapes to breathe some fresh air and renew his on-the-spot sporting interests. Last week he was at Aintree, near Liverpool, England, where, he reports, the rain fell mainly on the Kane. His account of the 124th running of the Grand National there appears on page 24. Kane, who has been associated with **SI** since a month before its first issue, previously covered sports for the United Press and was that service's night bureau chief in Boston, Chicago and New York. His interest in horse racing then was confined to booking the numerous bets of his newspaper colleagues. He thereby turned a pretty half dollar or two.

A bald, rubicund Boston Irishman blessed with a quiet wit and a calm erudition, Martin Kane has particular affinities for fishing, boxing—and James Joyce. He also has a sharp eye for chicanery and the skills of a detective in exposing it. Kane was a major figure in **SI**'s investigation of boxing's dirty business 10 years ago, a series that altered the whole structure of the sport. At one point it was essential for him to find boxing's underworld overlord, Frankie Carbo, not then a resident of a federal penitentiary. He traced Car-



MARTIN KANE AT AINTREE

bo to New Orleans, where he was assured by authorities that his man was not in town. Knowing Frankie's habits, however, Kane turned him up at Diamond Jim Moran's, where he was dining with a dozen fellow hoodlums. Kane quietly bribed a waiter to get a table close by and picked up enough tidbits to permit the magazine to disclose—and scotch—an illegal boxing deal.

But Kane's first sporting love has always been fishing. In recent years he has refreshed his perspective as **SCORECARD** editor by pursuing salmon in Norway, dogruido in the interior of Brazil, trout in Montana and bass on the St. Johns River in Florida. In London last week he lunched at The Flyfishers' Club. There, Lord Attlee, former Labor Prime Minister, sat as close to Kane as Carbo unwittingly had (unlike Frankie, Attlee gave away no secrets).

There, too, Kane saw Izaak Walton's very own creel with his initials scratched in the time-blunkened leather. It was, he said, the high point of the trip—until Jay Trump won.

Sports Illustrated

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SHOPWALK

The delicate mechanism of a gun can be protected in the right case for travel.

Ever since the hijacking of airplanes in England became popular several years ago, commercial airlines have cracked down on sportsmen carrying rifles and shotguns on board. Some understanding pilots permit hunters to stow their firearms in the cockpit or even under their seats, but many airlines insist that guns be checked and carried in the baggage compartment, where they are quite likely to be handled without care. More than a few hunters have departed in Anchorage, James Bay or Nairobi to find that the delicate telescopic sights on their favorite rifles have been smashed or that the stocks on

their valuable English double-barrel shotguns have been cracked or broken in two.

Some hunters have gone to extremes to get around this problem. One famous big-game hunter packed his guns in a large cardboard box, wrapped it with fancy paper and ribbons and managed to earn the box to his seat by explaining that it contained a rare and fragile Greek vase.

An easier and a more sensible approach is to use a sturdy luggage case designed to protect a valuable gun from

the most violent blows. One of the best is available from Continental Arms Corp., 697 Fifth Ave., New York. Made of solid hardwood covered with a tough, water-repellent, leatherlike plastic, the case is lined throughout with a thick cushion of foam rubber covered with soft pile. The gun lies flat between the layers of foam and is held firmly in place when the case is closed. It will hold a scoped rifle, as well as several boxes of ammunition and accessories. The case has brass hinges, three clasps (one with a lock), leather corner bumpers and a carrying handle. It is available in any size for one gun and costs \$49.50. For an extra \$10 Continental Arms will make up a case for two guns. Shooters should send along outline tracings of their guns.

Abercrombie & Fitch (New York, Chicago and San Francisco) has a lightweight thermoplastic luggage case with a moistureproof polyurethane foam lining that will hold a full-size rifle with scope or two rifles or car-

Continued on

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Rainfair
HUNT GORDON'S
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lines without scopes. It is 13 1/2 inches long and 11 inches wide and sells for \$30.

The hunter who packs in on horseback after bighorn sheep, mountain goat or elk needs a good saddle scabbard, one that will protect his rifle scope from being knocked or jostled out of alignment. The George Lawrence Company, 308 Southwest First Avenue, Portland, Ore., has a custom-made rifle scabbard of thick, hand-molded saddle leather with two adjustable straps that can be buckled to the saddle, and a buckle-down boot, or flap, to protect the rifle and scope from rain, snow or dust. The boot can be flipped back for quick access to the gun or

BY GARY R. LUTHEWILL



RIFLE SCABBARD

removed when the weather permits. The Lawrence scabbard is thick enough to resist sharp briars and cactus and has a rich mahogany oil finish that makes it almost waterproof. Though basically a saddle scabbard, it also makes a handsome and practical carrying case for a rifle: the straps can be buckled together to make a shoulder sling or a handle. The Lawrence scabbard is made to suit, from an outline tracing of a rifle with scope mounted and should be ordered well in advance of a hunting trip. The price is \$65 for the plain, oiled model. Buckets, wear or flower designs, leather-faced edges and linings of wolfskin or glove leather are extra.

Browning Arms Company, 1706 Washington Avenue, St. Louis, has a flexible, zip-around gun case for shooters who can transport their rifles and shotguns by automobile. Covered with a heavy-gauge waterproof vinyl, the well-padded Browning case has a shock-treated pole lining and durable handles. A three-inch-wide elastic strip inside the case holds the gun butt in place when the case is partially opened. Browning makes five sizes (barrel lengths from 22 to 32 inches) for shotguns and rifles without scopes (\$16.50), and three sizes for scoped rifles (\$18).

—DUSTY BARNES

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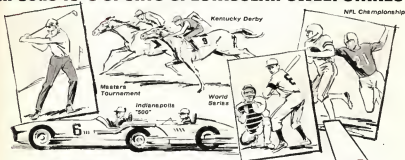
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[illegible]

* We English.

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we jolly well drink Haig.
Of hundreds of scotches,
Britain's largest seller is Haig.
You'll find Haig
to your taste, too.



Remember this when you're buying shoes. What you don't know can hurt you.

Here are some things you ought to know about your shoes. And about your feet.

They're some facts that could prevent you from walking into trouble.

Walking brings out the worst in shoes. Not just new shoes, but "broken-in" shoes, too.

How, and why, has been the subject of a continuing, 35-year research program by a leading eastern university. In over four-and-a-half million measurements of the foot, here's what they found frequently happens to the majority of persons studied when they put on a pair of "comfortable-feeling" shoes and start walking:

Heels rub sideways.

Toes bunch together.

One spot in each shoe seems to bear all the weight, instead of proportionate distribution over the ball of the foot.

Suddenly, for some "strange unknown" reason, feet don't feel so good. Shoes don't seem so "comfortable." (Did you breathe a sigh of relief last time you took your shoes off when you got home?) We studied that university's research. It indicated to us how

a shoe should be made to help meet the comfort needs of the walking, active foot... rather than the foot at rest. (This was a pretty revolutionary way for a shoe manufacturer to look at the foot.) We built such a shoe. The Guide Step shoe.

Guide Step is not a "corrective" shoe. Or a "health" shoe. Or any other special, wear-it-only-because-you-have-to shoe. Guide Step is a regular, good looking dress shoe. Just like any other fine quality dress shoe, outside. But inside, it's designed to reduce the back-and-forth heel rubbing (it's cupped at the heel, not level like ordinary shoes).

It's designed to provide more toe room by reducing that bunch-together tendency (it's nice and flat under the toes—bulges upward a bit, actually—doesn't sag like other shoes).

And Guide Steps are designed to help induce the distribution of a person's weight proportionately over the ball of the foot, for greater walking comfort (instead of the usually flattish instep, they have a designed contour that rises toward the inside... which lifts the foot there).

Most shoes are built from six measurements. We use 19 additional scientifically calibrated measurements to make a Guide Step. Comfort-proven in millions of pairs already sold.

You'd expect such a comfortable shoe to look kind of oddballish, wouldn't you? You can see for yourself, it doesn't.

You'd expect such a comfortable, attractive shoe to cost more than ordinary shoes, wouldn't you? It doesn't (\$12.95 to \$22.95).

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Guide Step. The shoes for people who walk.



the Guide Step shoe

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New, no-iron Shape/Set[†] also assures a permanent crease for the life of the slacks. Plus, "DACRON"[®] provides a luxury look and comfort that lasts from first wear to next pair.

Slacks shown are Dickies TrimTabs of 65% "DACRON" Polyester, 35% Combed COTTON

[†] "Dacron" is DuPont's registered TM • (Fabric treatment manufactured under Patent #3,096,524 dated July 9, 1963)



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"Orlon", you've stepped out again!



In a word: class.

ARNOLD PALMER is an amiable man, but he has firm ideas about equipment.

Last year he decided to have his own clubs manufactured in his own way. And golfers ever since have been asking their golf professionals, "What makes them special?"

There's a long answer and a short one. The long answer is: "Everything."

Take the matching of sets. It's so exact that all nine different clubs *feel* identical in your hands.

The engineering of heads and shafts

is special, too. It's calculated to give each club a flight pattern as predictable as that of a guided missile.

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SCORECARD

FANS ARE FOR FLEEING

Fans of the Chicago Black Hawks have a low regard for Owners Arthur Wirtz and Jim Norris. They call them the Chicken Hawks. Ticket-sellers at Chicago stadium have been arrested for scalping—right at the box office. A newspaper photographer had his seat sold right out from under him. Last week there was a new outburst of wrath against the Chicken Hawks. The crowds came to the final home game of the regular season chanting, "Norris is a fink," and passed out leaflets urging a boycott. In an 18-minute barrage they showered the rink with overshoes, hats, flasks, pieces of seating and toilet paper, and cheered the visiting New York Rangers to victory. Rowdiness is never defensible, but in this case the provocation was extreme.

Wirtz and Norris had just announced price lists for Stanley Cup playoff tickets. Tops would be \$9 (against \$6 at Montreal and Toronto and \$6.50 at Detroit)—but that was just a light blow compared to the next: instead of free home TV for the road games, there would be closed-circuit telecasts at the stadium (\$4 tops). In order to get their regular seats for both home games and televised games in the second series of the playoffs, season-ticket holders would have to buy both live and TV tickets for the first series. And if they try to buy only home-game or only TV tickets for the second series, they will discover they must also buy tickets to the first series.

Naturally, the Chicken Hawks will get away with it, because the league does not control admission prices and the team is in great enough demand to keep the suckers fast to the ticket lines. Since one cannot be sure the Hawks will ever be a loser again—and until some other reprisal is available—Owners Wirtz and Norris deserve the fans' wrath.

FRANK AND TOM MEET AT THE I

Frank Howard, Clemson's football coach, announced the other day that he would use the I formation this fall. What makes this an attention-grabber is that Tom Nugent of Maryland invented

—or claims to have invented—the I formation when he was coaching at VMI in 1950 and has been using it ever since. And what makes that pertinent is that Howard and Nugent never miss a chance to tell the world how little they respect one another.

Howard, for instance, is all the time saying how he's going to dot Nugent's I. That is one of the kinder things he is all the time saying. But in the six games they have met, Nugent's Maryland team has won four times, last year by 34-0, and when he heard Howard was going to try the I, Nugent was ecstatic. "The I formation," he said, when he had gotten down to a clinical mood, "is so good even Howard can't spoil it."

Replied Howard in his studied back-country drawl: "Nugent has no copy-right on that formation. I 'spect he's copied some, too."

Would Howard admit that he borrowed the formation from Nugent?

"Hail no. I copied that from Jim Hickey oval at NoT Cahline. I jest copy offa good coaches."

CHEAPENED BY THE DOZEN

Competitive swimming has improved to a point where the first six finishers in any major event are only marginally superior to the second six, and for that compelling reason a generous new point system was instituted in the NCAA championships at Ames, Iowa last week. The gratitude for it has not begun to compare with the cries against it.

Under the old system, points were awarded from first place to sixth on a 7-5-4-3-2-1 basis, with double points for relay events. Under the new system, 12 swimmers score: 14 points for first, 12 for second, then 11, 10, 9, 8 and from 6 to 1 for the last six finishers. Again, double for relays. Yale Coach Philip E. Moriarty deplored the new system in a paper he had printed—"Some Thought-Provoking Remarks About Our NCAA Rules"—to distribute at the meet. USC's Peter Daland said it was a give-away program. First place used to be worth seven times as much as sixth place but now is worth

less than twice as much, and a team can score as many points for taking sixth and seventh places as another team gets for a first.

Moriarty points out how wild the difference can be: under the old system, USC won last year over Indiana 96-91. Under the new system, Indiana, with great depth, would have won by 99½ points, and that is no typographical error. Funny thing, though. This year, with all that depth, Indiana still finished second to USC, by 6½ points.

HOME IS LIKE NO PLACE

Gone, but not far, are the days when basketball courts had some character. There was a time when stoves kept the gyms warm and were near enough to courtside to sizzle the daredevils. Posts smack-dab in the middle of the floor were a convenience to fancy dribblers and clever screens. And in some gyms beams overhead increased the home player's advantage because he knew just how much loft to put in his loft shots, but the other guy didn't.

The gym at Lykens, a town of 2,527 in a mined-out anthracite region of



southeastern Pennsylvania, is not all that interesting, perhaps, but it does have its fine points. The Lykens High basketball floor is 64 feet long. Out-of-bounds lines at either end of the court are the walls. Coach Ron Wetzel's team got to be magicians at driving in for lay-ups with one arm out to brace for the collision. Opponents, on the other hand, were daunted. Said Wetzel, "They didn't drive very much on us."

Lykens High got so good at home, in

continued

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SCORECARD

fact, that it advanced all the way to the finals of the recent Class C state championship tournament. There, on a regulation court at Bucknell, their special skills were as pearls before swine and they lost. Understanding Lykens townspeople welcomed them home with pealing church bells.

DIAL O FOR THE ROAD

The Touring Club of Switzerland cannot prevent motorists from doing their business in a bar rather than a bank, but it has come up with a device to keep the plungers off the highway when they have invested too heavily. It is an insidiously simple plastic key holder that closes over the ignition key and can be opened only when a small combination lock is properly dialed. The insidious part takes over when the would-be driver tries to handle the delicate dialing. If his friend is equally foggy, he could not handle it either; nor would he know the combination. A clearheaded bystander, it is assumed, would have better sense than to be a party to manslaughter. Of course a farsighted driver, who contemplates losing his wits, could leave the key in the ignition. Then, when his car is stolen, he could sober up on the walk home.

POLLUTION IS PROGRESS

Apparently the Pusco Pucking Company of Dade City, Fla. does not know what it can get away with in this country. By accident, Pusco recently dumped a quantity of citrus waste into the Withlacoochee River, polluting a 16-mile stretch. Confronted Pusco executives immediately offered to pay the costs—\$17,500—for purifying and restocking the stream. Too bad, but that kind of hearty sentimentality will never qualify Pusco for the mainstream of American thinking. In Maine, for example, a bill has been pushed through the state legislature reclassifying the Prestige Stream in Acworth County to permit a proposed \$14 million sugar-beet refinery to pollute to its heart's content. Governor John H. Reed read a special message to the legislature to help the company win its rights. A million-dollar soil conservation plan for the stream, as well as a recreation program, will now be abandoned.

Last week in Pennsylvania the state fish commission confirmed that Shippery Rock Creek, once proudly brimming with trout, was polluted by acid mine drainage. A commission executive said

(continued)

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SCORECARD *continued*

Slippery Rock would not be restocked, because a "continued potential for fish kill exists there." A bill to restrict such reckless drainage is now in a life-and-death struggle in the state legislature.

One other heartening thought. As liberal Folk Singer Joan Baez plaintively asks, "What have they done to the rain?" The answer: plenty. The conservative American Medical Association says that the rain now carries industrial dusts and pesticides and is radioactive in traces. Man, says the AMA, has not learned how to purify as fast as he can pollute.

THE SAGA OF CICERO MURPHY

Cicero Murphy is a Negro. He could blame his grandfather for the Cicero. He grew up in the tough Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn, one of eight children. His mother is on welfare and his father doesn't live at home anymore. At 15 he was a high school dropout. One summer he learned to play pool in a PAL program and, except for short-term jobs, he has been playing pool ever since. His wife says he should quit hanging around poolrooms and get something regular, something permanent.

At 29, Cicero plays pool very well. He is good enough to challenge the old pros, the durables such as three-time world champion Irving Crane and two-time world champion Luther Lassiter. Good enough to challenge? Good enough to beat them. Last month he became the first of his race to play in the California "world championship of pocket billiards." He won. He was third among 150 in the hustlers' tournament in Johnston City, Ill. But don't call Cicero Murphy a hustler, because he doesn't like it. "Who's gonna play you?" he asks. He will, however, partake of an "exhibition game" now and then.

And then last week there he was, Cicero Murphy, the Brooklyn kid, playing in the New York "world championship." In a tuxedo. In a hotel ballroom. Under crystal chandeliers. And watched by hundreds of button-down Brooks Brothers types. In a blue-chip field of 15, Cicero finished fourth, losing only five games. He won \$900. And he probably never will get a steady job, Mrs. Murphy.

FAT UNDER FIRE

For 15 years, or ever since they closed the House of Commons gymnasium for repairs and did not bother to reopen it,

continued



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the way for a convening member of Parliament to exercise was to take a sharp stroll through nearby St. James's Park. So it was that as the British Empire shrank, British ministerial waistlines expanded (not just a coincidence, some suspect). In view of the facts, a move is underfoot to reopen the Commons gym. Says Sir Hamilton Kerr, a Tory M.P.: "The general level of fitness in the House is extraordinarily low."

Sir Hamilton is one of those few who did not go the fleshy way of his brethren; he runs every morning, plays tennis, takes cold showers, practices yoga and has, for the cause, allowed himself to be photographed standing on his head. Liberal Eric Lubbock, who once boxed for Oxford, keeps a skipping rope at the ready and steals off now and then for a sparring session with Vic Andreotti, a British lightweight. Lubbock is so fit he recently set a record in Kent by downing 2½ pints of beer in 18 seconds.

Customarily, politicians do not agree that it would be entirely a good thing to reopen the gym. "The problem would be clothes," says Sir Hamilton. "If a division bell rings, you've got six minutes to reach the division lobby before the doors shut. It would be rather a sensation if people arrived in shorts, and not very desirable for the dignity of Parliament."

On the contrary, says Labor M.P. Norman Dodds, who once weighed 156 pounds when he was running marathons but is now up to 198. A gym, he argues, is essential to a Member of Parliament who wants to be "on his toes and ready to shoot it out. Whether you're watching a play, attending the cinema or making love," he says, "it just gives you that edge."

THEY SAID IT

- Abe Martin, TCU football coach, on next fall's prospects: "I'm expecting a good season; I don't know why. Just ignorance, I guess."
- Vinnie Smith, National League umpire, maintaining that players are better educated than in the old days: "But the language they use is the same."
- Minnesota Twins Manager Sam Mele, when asked if his players would be excused from a workout to watch Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus play golf in Orlando: "No, I don't think so. If Palmer loses he'll be back next year. I can't say the same for Sam Mele."

END

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THE JUMP THAT WON A GRAND NATIONAL

After months of stern preparation, a small but significant discovery just before the race ensured the first all-American victory in England's 126-year-old Grand National Steeplechase as the Maryland-bred Jay Trump and his amateur Virginia jockey, Tommy Smith, defeated 46 other starters **by MARTIN KANE**

Walking the course with Owner Mary Stephenson and Trainer Fred Winter (opposite), Smith finds last jump softer than others. In the





race (below) he brushed through it and gained vital ground on favored Scottish horse, Freddie, who went over with a normal high leap.



CONTINUED

Only five years ago Jay Trump, the American-bred, -owned and -ridden winner of the 117th and perhaps last Grand National Steeplechase at Aintree, was a rogue, trained as a flat racer rather than a jumper, and considered so dangerous that jockeys were reluctant to accept him as a mount. He never, in fact, amounted to anything as a flat racer, even in such undistinguished company as might be found at Charles Town and Shenandoah Downs, where he was unable to break his maiden. He first showed ability to jump on the day he turned bad actor. An exercise rider, trying to correct a tendency of the horse to drift out, whipped him on the right side of the head and accidentally struck his eye. Jay Trump thereupon jumped over the inside rail, cutting his right foreleg so severely that 29 stitches were needed to close the wound. His owner, Jay Sennrich, even considered destroying him.

For a long time thereafter, Jay Trump

was a common danger: Umil, that is Crompton (Tommy) Smith, an amateur jockey from an old Middleburg, Va. fox-hunting and steeplechasing family, came along. He had been commissioned to spend a few dollars to buy a likely timber horse for his godmother, Mrs. Mary C. Stephenson of Cincinnati, and he purchased Jay Trump from the discouraged Sennrich for \$2,000. There was little to recommend Jay Trump except that the price was right.

Today, aside from the fact that he does not like crowds of horses near him and in the Grand National refused to move up to the front before the start because there were 46 other horses hotheading his desire for freedom of movement, Jay Trump is as amenable a fellow as one could hope to meet—well-mannered, obedient and eager to oblige. Smith had gentled him and won his confidence with a long course of fox hunting—so successfully that, together, they won two Mary-

land Hunt Cups. In 1963 they set the record for the race.

In winning the Grand National, at odds ranging from 12 to 1 to 17 to 1—depending on whether and when one bet with bookmakers or the tote—Jay Trump enriched hundreds of Americans who had journeyed from the U.S. to Aintree in full confidence that he would win. Marylanders among them were especially optimistic, so much so that some required police escorts to get them safely away from the track with their winnings. Bookmakers were badly scorched. Turf Accountant William Hill alone reported a record Grand National payout of \$1,384,000 on the big bay gelding, highest for the race in his firm's history. And the value of the race to Mrs. Stephenson was \$61,714. Next move for Jay Trump is to the Grand Steeplechase de Paris at Auteuil in June.

For all its fame and history, the Grand National is such a difficult race that only

Characteristic of the carnage—only 14 of 47 horses finished and five jockeys needed hospital care—was this spill in which Rider Dave Dick and



a few of the very top steeplechasers are entered. In this year's running, for instance, the best steeplechaser in Britain and, for that matter, the whole world, an Irish-bred horse named Arkle, was not entered. Owned by Anne, Duchess of Westminster, and trained in Ireland by Tom Dreaper, Arkle has won 19 of his 23 races since he started running under National Hunt Rules in the 1961-62 season. Another celebrated British jumper, Mill House, who won the Cheltenham Gold Cup in 1963 and has finished second to Arkle twice in that event, was entered but was weighted so heavily in the handicapping that he was withdrawn.

Even so, it is a magnificent challenge to horse and rider, the greatest that exists on the turf. Of Saturday's 47 starters only 14 finished the course. Most of the race was the usual scramble, and at times it was a shambles, with horses falling and running wild and thrown riders cringing away from hooves that thundered all

about them. Jay Trump himself stepped on a fallen rider, who was lucky enough to escape with cracked ribs. Five jockeys were hospitalized, but with relatively minor injuries.

The 27-year-old Tommy Smith is a grandson of Harry Worcester Smith, a famed Virginia sportsman who once took his entire household—all his servants, stable staff, carriages and a pack of hounds—to Ireland for a season of fox hunting. Some of that love of the chase gleams in young Smith's eyes. Scars from two automobile accidents are laid on his forehead, and the marks of hunting spills are on his body, but Jay Trump never has fallen with him.

Two days before the Grand National, Smith walked the course with Mrs. Stephenson and Trainer Fred Winter, who rode in more than 4,000 races over a period of 17 years. Fourteen of those races were Grand Nationals, of which he won two.

Examining the turf, Winter expressed concern that the footing was "a bit deep." Jay Trump is accustomed to firm sod, as in his native America. It rained intermittently right up to the day of the race, when the course was grazed with a strong, drying wind. That was Jay Trump's first piece of good luck. After examining such dangerous jumps as Becher's Brook and The Chair, the party came finally to the last fence. Smith climbed onto its top and tested it for hardness. He spread-eagled himself over it and said, "It feels a little softer than the others." That was perhaps the key discovery of the day. It turned out to be another piece of luck for Jay Trump.

The Hunt Cup fences are of hard, unyielding timber. The Grand National jumps are of hard, unyielding thorn, covered with deceptively soft-looking spruce, fir or gorse, and in some cases have a foundation of timber. However they may look, no horse can expect to jump low and brush his way through the top cover. And so Jay Trump's experience in Maryland served him well. He learned there to respect fences and clear them cleanly. But when Smith noted the relative softness of the last jump, he made a decision that won him the race.

He had prepared in other ways than by walking the course. There is a belief among horsemen that the best way to train for racing is by racing, and he had been criticized because he had ridden Jay Trump in only five races before the Na-

tional, winning three of them, and had refused to ride other horses in other races. Instead, he bicycled, weight-lifted and, for interminable hours over a five-month period, studied moves of previous Grand Nationals. He had no wish to risk injury in preparing for a race that represented a life's ambition.

On the afternoon before the National, Smith and his wife went appropriately to a Frank Sinatra movie entitled *Now, Not the Boss*. He was in bed by 7:30 p.m., for he is a prodigious sleeper. Just before saddling time the riders sipped the customary cup, a mixture of champagne and orange juice called a fifty-fifty. The paddock area was jammed with spectators anxious to see the horses and the Queen Mother, who had entered a horse of her own, *The Rip*. The Rip ran well but finished seventh. The Queen Mother appeared in the walking ring wearing a costume of very light turquoise, studied the circling horses knowingly and repaired to the Royal Box.

Smith said afterward that the race was a "blur" to him, but he remembered some details well. He had a hard time getting into the line, because of Jay Trump's reluctance to mingle with other horses, and when the tape went up he was left two lengths behind. Fred Winter had instructed him to "get inside and stay there," and so he pulled his horse back and moved to the inside position. Mrs. Stephenson's only instruction, which she gives before every race, was to "get around safely."

"A horse fell in front of me at the third fence after the Canal Turn," said Smith, "and my horse stepped on the rider. It almost made me sick. I've never been in so much bedlam."

In due course it appeared the race would be among Jay Trump, Peacetown and the 7-to-2 favorite, Freddie, the pride of Scotland, though other well-regarded mounts like Rondetto, Kapeno and Vultrix were doing well for a time. Horses were falling, or refusing, or being pulled up, and when they came to the Canal Turn for the second time (the 4½ mile race is twice around the course) the field had thinned out so that, as Smith said, "I was able to pick my fences and ride a normal race." He began to make his move at The Elbow, as the turn into the stretch is called.

Peacetown tired and fell back, giving way to Mr. Jones, who finished third. With but two fences to go, Freddie and

Kapeno went down at famed Becher's Brook



Jay Trump were side by side. With only one to go, they were pretty much the same, though Jay Trump gained a trifle on the penultimate jump. Then Smith gambled on the knowledge he had gained in walking the course. He asked Jay Trump for a "very quick fence."

A quick fence is one in which a horse flattens out and takes the jump with a low trajectory. Against hard fences like those at Aintree, it can be dangerous. If the horse miscalculates he cannot just brush through the top. He collides with an unyielding wall.

Jay Trump responded, forelegs straight out in front of him, hind legs straight out behind him. He cleared the fence, gaining perhaps three-quarters of a length on Freddie, who took the jump with a normal high bound. And three-quarters of a length was the margin by which Jay Trump won, though not without a desperate struggle in the flat run to the finish. Jay Trump gained even more ground because he was able to recover quickly from his long, low jump, but Freddie had to come back from his almost vertical descent. Once down and running, Freddie—whipped on by Rider Pat McEwen—closed on his rival at an extremely threatening rate. He drove on until his nose was alongside the waters of the American horse. But he could not pass him. Jay Trump crossed the finish line a clear winner of one of the most thrilling Grand Nationals ever raced. The last American-bred horse to win was Battleship, who did it 27 years ago. The last amateur to win was Captain Bobby Petre on Lovely Cottage in 1946. But Tommy Smith was the first American jockey to win on an American horse.

The decision as to whether this is to be the last Grand National, a race that goes back in history to 1839 and has been run every year since except during two world wars, rests with Parliament, the courts and Aintree's owner, Mrs. Mirabel Topham, 74, a former showgirl who once played leggy parts in musical comedy. She is the widow of Arthur Topham, grandson of the man who took over the race in 1849. A few years ago she concluded that it had become unprofitable and decided to sell the track to a real estate development company. Crowds,

though their size never is announced officially, had thinned in postwar years, in part because Mrs. Topham sold television rights to the BBC, and a punter could see it all in his living room better than at the track and, furthermore, place his bet simply by telephoning his bookmaker.

But the Earl of Selson, one of the race's four stewards, and the man who sold the track to Tophams Ltd., obtained an injunction restraining the firm from selling the land during his lifetime for purposes other than horse racing. Mrs. Topham is appealing and, if necessary, will take her case to the House of Lords. Meanwhile, others are interested. Crockford's, the leading London gambling club, announced last year that it would make an offer to buy Aintree and keep the Grand National going there if the government would allow it to run a sweepstake on the race. Since then Tim Holland, Crockford's chairman, has been a prime mover behind a parliamentary bill that would let him proceed with his plan. On its second reading it passed the Lords (March 16) by 62 votes to 46. It will have its third reading soon and, if passed, must then go through three readings in Commons. In any case, Mrs. Topham, contemplating the crowds that thronged to the track for the "last" running on Saturday (there may have been better than 100,000 present), allowed that she herself might hold another Grand National Steeplechase next year.

Let us hope so, though Aintree is by no means a lovely establishment. It is ugly and graceless. In the dark restaurant water condensation on the ceiling drips into the champagne of complaining lords and their ladies. "When it isn't raining outside," a waitress explained, "it's raining in here." The stands and fences are painted with cheap stuff that rubs off on clothing.

But who is complaining? The race itself is one of the world's great sporting events, with a long and noble tradition behind it. It would be deplorable if—like Ebbets Field, the Polo Grounds and other shrines—it should end as a victim of the population explosion. Housing developments can be established almost anywhere. The Grand National can be run only at Aintree.



Splendidly British on Grand National Day were the lady with her ocelot and her derby-hatted escort, the gentleman with pipe and RAF moustache, and the sport in his bowler and Edwardian handkerchief. Even the BBC man who interviewed bareheaded jockey Tommy Smith was a spiffy sight.



TWO DARING

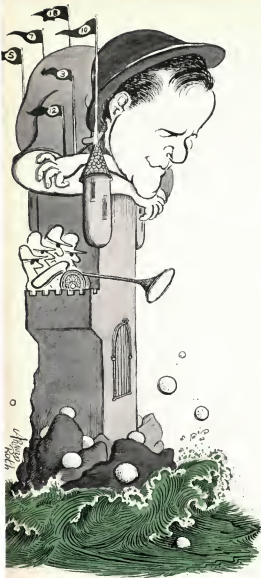
They are willing enough to duel, but one of them always forgets to bring a sword. It may be surprising, but that is the most accurate way to describe the often baffling rivalry between professional golf's two dominant figures, Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus (see cover). There is no disputing that this pair is solidly entrenched at the very top. Nor is there any arguing that Arnold, with his aggressive boldness, and Jack, with his crushing power, have provided a fierce competitive ingredient not seen in golf since the Hogan-Snead struggles of more than a decade ago. But when reduced to its most dramatic moments, the epic competition between the two seems to thrive on expectation instead of actuality. Palmer and Nicklaus have played in 11 major championships since Nicklaus became a touring pro in 1962. Between them, they have won six of these. Yet in only one, the 1962 U.S. Open, where Nicklaus defeated Palmer in a playoff, have the two had a genuine head-to-head fight. At other times, in the intense setting of a big tournament, their games have not jelled simultaneously. While one marched to victory, the other was apt to be finishing 32nd (Nicklaus in the 1962 British Open) or 40th (Palmer in the '63 PGA) or second but a hopeless six strokes back (Nicklaus in the '64 Masters).

But now, for some noteworthy reasons, this drama drought is likely to end, very possibly in next week's Masters. First, this looks like a Masters that almost nobody else can win. U.S. Open Champion Ken Venturi says only six golfers have a chance. The advantage that the Augusta National course gives long hitters always limits the likely winners, and this year the erratic performances of some of those who do have the shots for Augusta reduces the list of favorites even further. Second, Nicklaus and Palmer have both drastically altered their methods of preparing for Augusta, and have changed in the same way. If using similar plans produces similar results, the two will duel at last.

Why are the men who finished 1-2 last year changing their Masters preparations?

"I have been too eager in the past," says Nicklaus. Last year he spent two months modifying his game to suit the Masters course, and he got himself so emotionally wound up that when he finished a distant second he went into a state of competitive paralysis that lasted for months. This year Nicklaus' approach is completely casual.

"I have been too tired in the past," says Palmer. Last year he played much of the winter tour and when the time came to get ready for Augusta he felt wrung out. This year he has ducked many of the winter tournaments. He feels rested and says his desire to practice and compete has never been greater.



WAYS TO ATTACK THE MASTERS

The ruler of Augusta, Arnold Palmer, has prepared for battle by resting, while Jack Nicklaus is trying the casual approach. The result of their unorthodox plans could be a head-on duel **by GWILYM S. BROWN**

"I am looking at the Masters as the opening of the serious golf season," he says, and the key word is *opening*. "In getting my game in shape for the Masters, I am also getting it in shape for the whole summer, because to score at Augusta you have to be hitting every shot pretty well. I have been working gradually since about the first of the year, but in the last three or four weeks I have really started to concentrate, especially on my irons."

At the competitive level where Palmer must survive, good golf shots are only half the story. To perform well in the big events a golfer must also be ready for four days of intense mental and emotional strain. Palmer

excels at this. "I have come to feel that the mental preparation is just about as important as the physical work," he says. "In the weeks before Augusta I start thinking about the shots I might have to play there, planning them in my mind under all conditions. I consider all the adverse things that could happen and all the good things, so that when they happen suddenly, as they inevitably do, I will be ready for them."

Not since 1959 has Palmer come into a Masters with a worse winter record and never has he played so little (five tournaments). But nonetheless he expects to be better than ever.

continued

If a man's course is his castle, Palmer's is Augusta National, where he has won four times in seven years. But Nicklaus may loot the place—or even claim it as his own.



Jack Nicklaus' philosophy this winter has been to worry about the Masters later. In the past he worked on such things as hooking tee shots, even to the extent of hitting hooks in tournaments where a fade was actually more suitable. Last year his unsuccessful all-out attempt to become the first man to win two Masters in a row left him unsettled for the entire summer. "I can't complain about how the year worked out," says Jack. "but it was more luck than skill that let me score well. I tried as hard as I could, but after Augusta I just could not get my desire back. This year I have been concentrating on the tournament I am playing in. I will think about the Masters at Masters time. The week after that I will be thinking about the Houston Classic. Maybe this way I'll at least be someone my family can live with."

Nicklaus has played extraordinarily so for this season, even though he has yet to win. In his 25 tournament rounds he has been over par only three times, and he has not finished worse than eighth. He has not been hitting his woods too accurately, but his chipping and sand play have been very good. "Best of all," he says, "my putting has improved. I have completely changed my style. I am using the technique that George Low [SI, July 6] taught me last year. I open the face of the putter on the backswing, and then close it going through the ball."

So Nicklaus feels he is ready with a sound game and a new attitude, but it will be interesting to see if he can manage to stand on the first tee at Augusta and convince himself that the Masters is only a classy version of the Nuthin' Open.

Palmer and Nicklaus do, of course, have to contend with more than each other at Augusta, and their strongest challenges are likely to come from the six golfers at right. For various reasons, some other seemingly strong contenders must be given little chance. Bobby Nichols and Mason Rudolph seem too far off form. Ken Venturi is still hampered with a circulatory ailment, and Chi Chi Rodriguez must wear a leather brace on his right thumb. Julius Boros, Sam Snead and Ben Hogan no longer putt skillfully enough to handle Augusta's immense greens.

Thus, if Arnold and Jack are to engage in a long-awaited shot-by-shot battle, they will have few opportunities better than next week's. Palmer is prepared to set the pace and play against the course. Jack—up to a point—is more likely to play against Palmer.

"If you start worrying about other individuals, you forget that your prime purpose is to win," says Arnold. "What I try to shoot is a score that I think no one else—Jack or Gary or whoever—can beat. If the weather is good, four 68s is the figure to aim at."

"My first concern is to win, of course," says Nicklaus, "but I also try awfully hard to beat Arnold. If he finishes 50th in a tournament, then I darn sure want to finish at least 49th."

The odds are that to beat Palmer, who has proved himself to be the master of the Masters, Jack Nicklaus will have to finish better than second.

IF GOLF'S BIG TWO KILL EACH



BILLY CASPER

in his golf swing. A placid-looking man, he is actually an intent, dedicated competitor who has been trying hard, perhaps too hard, to win his first Masters. In addition, because he perennially is one of the winter tour's best players, he is always a favorite at Augusta, a role he has not enjoyed. Once again he has had a brilliant winter—he is leading the tour in money won with \$36,029—but this is one change. Casper himself is different. He has lost six inches off his waistline, his collar size is down from 14½ to 13½ and even his sock size has shrunk. "I feel stronger," he says. Watch how sveit Billy does on Thursday. If he is under 72, keep watching.



DOUG SANDERS

Doug Sanders cannot hit the ball far enough. Doug Sanders has too short a backswing. Doug Sanders cannot hit the ball high enough. Doug Sanders is not strong enough. Each of these is good and sufficient reason why Doug Sanders has absolutely no chance to win the Masters. That said, consider this. Sanders is one of the straightest hitters in pro golf. With back-to-back wins at Pensacola and Doral, he also is one of its hottest hands. And, finally, by his cavalier standards at least, he is a new Doug. "I've given up all my bad habits," he says. "My business and personal life are on an even keel at last. I go to bed early and I sleep,

instead of tossing and tumbling the way I used to. My legs used to give out on me after 12 or 13 holes, but now I feel strong right to the end of a round and my concentration is much sharper." Sanders' newfound strength has added some length to his shots. He also has a different putter, one that is less upright. He feels he is getting more top spin on his putts and greater accuracy. "I am not going to Augusta predicting a victory," he says, "but a straight hitter, by cutting corners, has a chance. Besides, for the first time my health is good and my game is in shape. If my timing stays on, and I am putting, I actually think I can win."

OTHER OFF, THEN WATCH OUT FOR THE NOT-SO-SMALL SIX



TONY LEMA

Last year at this time Tony Lema had given up smoking and was playing badly. This year he has given up smoking again, and he is playing badly. So why does he stop? "I feel better when I'm not smoking," Lema says. "Eventually, I think I'll be able to play better, too." One immediate effect of this particular sacrifice was a notable lack of sacrifice at the dinner table. Lema put on 15 pounds

this winter. He is a lean fellow and this would not ordinarily hurt, but part of the strength of his game is his fast pivot. The extra weight slowed him down. He dropped off the tour saying, "If you are playing badly, why play at all?" Now he looks better. It is almost certain that Lema will score well at Augusta regardless of how he plays. Two years ago, in his first Masters, he hit the ball excellently, shot a 287 and finished second. Last year he was wild and erratic, but scrambled expertly and ended up with another 287. Now Lema is the British Open champion, and winning a major title has done much for his confidence. He feels he belongs at Augusta, and the Masters course is one that tends to yield to those who attack it. If Tony can play his best, Augusta may founder in champagne. If not, he can always go back to smoking.



GARY PLAYER

For a good number of his 29 years Gary Player has worked to thwart a fundamental fact of Gary Player life—he is 5 feet 7 inches tall. A man that short has trouble hitting a golf ball far, and Player became obsessed with the necessity for being a long-hitter. The year he won the Masters (1961) he was doing pushups and lifting weights and eating

raisins and radiating a fine public image of strength, strength, strength. But he could not hit as far as Palmer. He added an inch to the length of his driver. But Jack Nicklaus still outthru him by 50 yards. A spell of using a four-wood off the tee and "playing for position" followed, but now Gary is after super-strength again. "This is an unbelievable statement to make," he says, "but in two years I will have added 20 yards to my drives." How? For seven months he has been under the direction of a "strength coach," the 1951 Mr. America, undergoing a special weight-lifting program to build up his legs and forearms. He has added length off the tee, he is getting more loft on his iron shots, and he has a new putting stance—feet together—that he likes. If he isn't overexercised, little Gary could be the big man at Augusta again.



PAUL HAREY

This slim, long-hitting New Englander is the mystery man of pro golf. How can he play so little and yet play so well? Last year he appeared in only nine events, but he won the Los Angeles Open and earned \$17,000. This year he has played twice, winning at Los Angeles again. "I think Harey does well because he has conserved himself," says Billy Casper. "Playing the tour week to week like the rest of us do kind of saps your strength." If Casper's theory is sound, Harey should be a Samson of golf, for until 10 days or so ago he had not wedged his way out of his Worcester home to so much as swing a club

since the Crosby. Nor does he plan any crash campaigns for the Masters. "If the weather gets good I'll do some practicing here," he said in Massachusetts last week. "If it stays cold, maybe I'll go down to Augusta a few days early." Assuming he manages to get there in time to tee off, Harey will arrive with a game ideally suited to the Masters course. He is an excellent putter and is accurate as well as long off the tee. These talents took him to a tie for fifth last year. And he is not afraid of doing even better. He has said before that it is easy to finish near the top in the Masters. Nothing has happened since to make Harey change his mind.



BRUCE DEVLIN

That onetime master plumber from Australia, Bruce Devlin, must be the only man whose Masters hopes ever rested on letters from home. Now in his third year on the tour, Devlin was having trouble this winter until he suddenly finished second at Donald and Jacksonville. "I had been doing so badly," he says, "that I wrote my coach back in Sydney, Norman Von Nida, and asked for help." Back came some mail-order instruction. "He went over the things I used to do when I was playing well," Devlin says, "and told me to re-

view my game in those terms. But the big thing he did was to my concentration. He told me to stop talking so much to other players or the gallery when I was out on the course." When playing his best, Devlin is what is known by the pros as "uncrazy long," meaning that he hits a low hook off the tee that rolls and rolls. He is also a gifted long-iron player, which is important at Augusta, and he has the courage to hit long shots right to the flag. Finally, he likes Augusta's turf, for it is similar to the Bermuda grass he learned on. "I try to reach a peak for the Masters, and now my game is falling into place. I would dearly love to win," he says. "Shut up," comes a voice from Australia, "and hit the ball"

Augusta: Where Old Masters Are on Display

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEAL BARR

"I think," wrote Bobby Jones not too long ago, "that the tournament is now quite well entitled to be called the Masters, because it has continued to assemble those who are entitled to be called masters of the game. I must admit though, the name was born of a touch of immodesty." It may have been immodest to give his tournament such an aristocratic title when he started it back in 1934, but Jones was attempting a comeback and he knew his presence meant that the country's finest pros would come to Augusta to try to outplay him. They did come, and 12 of them did beat him in that first Masters, but as they left, Jones told them, "I hope you'll be back."

Year after year they have come back, as this array of photographs made at last year's Masters shows, and their very presence has added immeasurably to the pleasure and prestige of the event that is literally named for them. Part of the excitement of having them there is that they bring back memories to the gallery—and to themselves. Can Craig Wood see Gene Sarazen without recalling their playoff in 1935? That was when Wood consistently outdrove Sarazen, only to have Gene hit approaches inches from the pin. Each time the bouncy Sarazen would give Wood a look that said, "See if you can trump that." Craig couldn't, and he lost. "You walk the course and to this day you remember every shot, every lie of a winning round," Ralph Guldahl says.

What Byron Nelson will never forget is the 1942 playoff when he beat Ben Hogan. "The night before, my stomach had a nervous fit. I couldn't eat breakfast, and I was sick. Hogan came to me and said, 'We'll just postpone it.' 'No, Ben,' I told him, 'let's play.' This wasn't as noble of me as you might think. This upset-stomach business had happened to me before, and every time I had played rather well. I staggered to the course and sliced my first drive into the trees. But somewhere around the 5th hole I suddenly felt strong as could be. I started playing the best golf of my career." As one might suspect, what debonair Jimmy Demaret recalls is the outfit he wore every time he won. "You should have seen me during the first round in 1940," he says. "I missed the 15th green, and my ball went into the pond. I removed my red-and-blue suede shoes, rolled my chartreuse slacks up to my knees, stepped into two feet of water and hit the ball onto the green."

Jimmy Demaret dresses more quietly now, Byron Nelson can't beat Ben Hogan, and Gene Sarazen does not taunt Craig Wood. But they all still come to Augusta. "Here," says Hogan, "we can get together and we can reminisce."



The first transition off the tee at the Masters always includes tartan-topped Freddie McLeod, and the sight of the 82-year-old 1908 U.S. Open winner swinging in the Georgia morning has come to typify Augusta's traditions.

Paired with McLeod is Jack Hutchison (right), fellow Scotsman, former PGA and British Open champion and a man who, at 89, still puts well enough to draw oodles of awe from the early-rising gallery that follows him.





Craig Wood, runner-up in the first two Masters, claimed "it takes a pretty good guy to be second best." Finally, in 1941, he rediscovered his putting stroke—not the one above—and triumphed at Augusta



Gene Sarazen, ever-splendid in plus fours, cost Wood the 1935 Masters. Wood was accepting congratulations before movie cameras when Sarazen double-eagled 15, came on to tie and won the playoff.



Ralph Guldahl, Masters champion in 1939, slowed play by stopping often to comb his hair. "That is how I steadied my nerves," he says. Now, with no victory worries, he wears a cap.





Byron Nelson has the look of an old eagle now, but it was eagles he used to shoot at Augusta. In one 11-hole stretch in a playoff against Hogan, Nelson gained five strokes. Ben had played the holes one under par.

Jimmy Demaret, winner of three Masters, has said, "If you're going to be in the limelight, dress for it." He won in salmon pink, in charcoal and brown, and once—in a glorious Easter—in canary yellow.







The Man Who Casts the Longest Shadow

BY ALFRED WRIGHT

Looking back across the valleys of 10, 20 and 30 years and warming oneself in the glow of memories, it seems that of all the dramatic figures who have agitated the peaceful Augusta countryside at Masters time, it is the Hawk on the opposite page who is remembered best. Actually, Ben Hogan only won the tournament twice, as contrasted with three victories for his friend Jimmy Demaret and three for Sam Snead, his closest rival in the postwar decade. Of course, Arnold Palmer, this year's defending champion, has won it four times, and that is certainly one of the immense accomplishments of golf, but Palmer is a now figure, a man of these times. You do not include him when you start a sentence, "I remember when . . ." And even in his overwhelming triumph last year, Palmer was still two strokes shy of Hogan's 1953 tournament record of 70-69-66-69—274, which is 14 strokes under par on the grudging Masters course.

Ben Hogan's years of victory were not so many, once you think back on it. They began in 1940 and ended in 1953—a mere 14 years—but during that period he won every major championship available to a professional. He took the U.S. Open four times, the British Open the only time he played in it and the PGA twice. In his last great competitive year, 1953, he won the U.S. and British Opens and the Masters, three-quarters of what is now considered the Grand Slam of professional golf. Since then he has finished on top only once—winning the Colonial National Invitation on his home course in 1959.

It is a full decade now since the Hogan era ended, but the stimulation and chill

attraction of the man refuse to recede. So intense was the aura of awe which grew around him that time has failed to dispel it. He was the Hawk then, the Ice Man and, as far as the public is concerned, he is the Hawk today. "Hi there, Byron," the people will shout. "Where's your punk shoes, Jimmy?" they will call. And then they see him, and they whisper, "It's Hogan."

Today Ben Hogan is a balding businessman living in his home town of Fort Worth and devoting much of his time to running the Ben Hogan Company, a leading manufacturer of golf equipment. He still plays golf seriously and for pleasure, which to Hogan are one and the same thing, and last year he took part in four tournaments—the Masters, the Colonial National, the PGA and the Carling World Open. He finished in ties for ninth, fourth, ninth and fourth, in order of appearance. Considering the fact that he can no longer putt with any confidence or authority and that he has so little opportunity to hone his game to a competitive edge, it was an extraordinary performance for a man of 51 or 52 years. (And consider this impractical thought, too: if he had entered the 30 biggest tournaments last year and kept finishing ninth and fourth he would have won \$84,244 and been fifth on the money winners' list.) The way he played was so precise, so pure and so intelligent that by the end of 1964 the pros had revived the durable cliché that "from tee to green, Ben Hogan can still hit the ball better than any man alive."

The touring pros are fascinated by Hogan. They talk about him a lot, as if he were some combination of natural and supernatural phenomena—a strange cross between Mount Rushmore and the

Headless Horseman. His accomplishments and attitudes made him a legend of the game, but his peers help perpetuate the legend. At his peak he was a fearsome specter in the minds of the other players as he marched impassively along the fairways, staring ahead with that grim half-smile on his face. Tournament leaders carried but one thought in their minds: How is Hogan doing? The thought alone was frequently enough to undo their composure. He was so thoroughly enveloped in the cauld of his concentration that he seldom spoke. There was a standard joke along the tournament route: "Hogan was real talkative out there today."

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'You're away.'"

The Hogan stories always portray the relentless Hawk, never satisfied with victory alone but pressing toward some unattainable perfection. Jimmy Demaret, who was probably as close to Hogan as any man during the days when Ben was working his way to the top, tells of the time many years ago when Hogan had completed a round in a tournament at Oak Hill in Rochester that included eight birdies. His score was 66, which put him well in the lead. Demaret had been paired with Hogan that day, and they had played early enough to finish in time for lunch. They had a sandwich and a beer together, and then Demaret whiled away the afternoon in the locker room with some of the other golfers. Hogan, meanwhile, had gone to the practice tee. Demaret left the club as it was getting dark, and he discovered Hogan still practicing. "My God, Ben," he said, "you had eight birdies out there today. What more do you want?"

"There is no reason that you should

continued

Ben Hogan stands on Augusta's 18th before a hushed and sentimental gallery. He had just received the day's biggest ovation as he walked slowly onto the green, visibly tired and seemingly exhausted but in with a sound first-round 73 on his way to a ninth-place finish.

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THE MASTERS continued

not birdie every hole," Hogan answered.

Having been born near Fort Worth and raised there, Hogan is a complete Westerner. In the tradition of the West—the real West, that is, not the big-city West—his speech is spare to the point of brusqueness, and this laconicism gives many of the stories about Hogan their special quality. One of his close friends said recently: "Ben had to make it in life the hard way, and he learned not to waste anything—including words. If you ask him would he like to go fishing with you and he can't do it, all he says is no. He's not being rude. He just doesn't see any need for explanations."

In a long-ago tournament Claude Harmon, a man who much admires Hogan, was paired with Dr. Cary Cougle, then one of Hogan's two or three closest competitors. When he saw Hogan in the locker room after the round Harmon said, "Ben I'm going to have to do something about the Doc. The poor guy just can't get the ball out of the bunkers. I'm going to have to give him a lesson in how to hit a sand shot."

There was silence for a moment, and then a dead-serious Hogan said, "Leave him alone."

In 1950, the year after his nearly fatal automobile accident, Hogan's first tournament was the Los Angeles Open. He was sitting in the clubhouse with an apparent victory, but Sam Snead birdied four of the last nine holes to catch him, and Snead then took some of the drama out of Ben's almost superhuman recovery by beating him decisively in the playoff. A few months later Hogan decided to play in the Greenbrier tournament at Snead's home course in White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., an event that Sam has rarely permitted anyone else to win. Hogan shot the four lowest scores of his tournament career, 64-64-65-66, to set a Greenbrier record and tie the PGA four-round record of 259. Snead, in second place, was a humbling 10 strokes back.

When, three weeks later, Snead won the Colonial National, a reporter found Ben slumped disconsolately in the locker room, staring at his shoes. "Well, Ben," he said, "I guess Sam did to you on your home course what you did to him on his."

Hogan gave him a hard, 64-64-65-66 look. "Not quite," he said.

One reason for Hogan's abbreviated speech, especially with the press, is that

he has long maintained (and believed) that it was not what he said that mattered, but what he did on a golf course. He has always hated stupid questions, especially from reporters who have not followed his round, but he will go on at length about a certain shot if you happen to have seen it. He will also talk at some of the very times when his reputation would lead you to think he would be most quiet.

While out on the course shooting the 67 at Oakland Hills that won him the 1951 U.S. Open—often called the greatest round ever played—Hogan began wondering aloud why people ever watch golf tournaments. They have to walk so far and it's so hard to see, he said. He could not understand what they found so interesting. "They enjoy watching golf shots hit this well," a USGA official who was walking with him told him. "Yes," said Ben, as they moved up the fairway, "I guess it does take some skill."

And there was the time at the 1955 U.S. Open when he is said to have done a most uncharacteristic thing. He walked off the 72nd green with what seemed to be a certain victory, an unprecedented fifth Open win for him, and as he was being congratulated he handed his golf ball to a USGA official. "This is for Golf House," he said, referring to the USGA museum. That was the day unknown Jack Fleck came through the dark to tie Hogan and then won the next day's playoff in a shattering upset.

Much of the Hogan mystique—the portrait of the silent, dour loner—developed after his accident in 1949. The accident is still so fresh in the minds of the middle-aged that it is difficult to realize a whole generation of golfers and sports fans has grown up that is unaware of it. Hogan had completed the first weeks of the winter tour, losing a playoff to Demaret in Phoenix, and he was driving home to Fort Worth with his wife, Valerie. They had just passed through the crossroads town of Van Horn and had almost reached the crest of one of those gradual Texas inclines when a Greyhound bus came over the hill on the wrong side of the road and smashed head on into their Cadillac sedan. Ben threw himself in front of Valerie. He was so badly injured that it was not so much a question of whether he would play golf again as whether he

continued



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THE MASTERS *continued*

would live. Eleven months later, limping and with his healing legs still in bandages, he was playing in the Los Angeles Open that Snead took away from him.

Before the accident Hogan had never been a particularly austere character to the pros with whom he competed from week to week. Certainly he was more serious-minded and dedicated than most of them and he practiced a thousand times harder in an era when the art of practicing was just beginning to catch on, but he was also one of them. He enjoyed the pleasures of the locker room, a good drink or two at the end of the day, and he liked to eat well—when he had the money.

Following the accident, Hogan could no longer permit himself the luxury of the evening conviviality. He had to husband all his strength, and he had to nurse his aching legs. After a round of golf he and Valerie would go back to their hotel room, usually eating there alone. By now a new generation of golfers was joining the tour, and they, of course, had not known Ben in his blandest days. They never got to know him.

On the practice tee, where much of the socializing goes on among tournament players, Hogan was and is all business. He never hits a practice shot without a purpose, and he has no time or use for the casual conversations and experiments that are part of the general hobnobbing that takes place among the pros.

But Hogan actually is not a true loner. He has always liked to be with people who are amusing and have the gift of laughter, even though he himself is a listener rather than a talker. Demaret, one of the most gregarious of pro golfers, has always been a favorite of Ben's, and so has Tommy Bolt, who is as different from Hogan as Li'l Abner is from Hamlet. When Ben was lying helpless in the hospital after his accident, Demaret visited him. "Gee, Ben," Demaret said, "if I'd known you were going to be so upset that you would take on a Greyhound bus, I would have let you win the playoff in Phoenix." Ben enjoyed that.

It is only natural that with the grim necessity for victory no longer compelling him, Hogan has mellowed. Even so, it sometimes seems as if an invisible calliper is measuring the precision of his every act. Whether it is for business or

sport, he dresses impeccably in clothes of perfect fit and taste. He says what he means, and he does what he says. He knows where he is going, literally and figuratively. He is no man's man but his own, a fact that is abundantly clear to anyone who has been examined by his unblinking blue eyes.

In recent years Hogan has found much of his companionship in the kind of society to which his achievements and earnings have quite logically led him, with the prominent and prosperous citizens of Fort Worth and certain other cities to which his business and pleasure regularly take him. As a child he had been forced to make it on his own. His father died when he was 9, and his mother brought him and his elder sister and brother to Fort Worth, where they lived in a rather poor section on the east side of town. Ben sold newspapers until he discovered he could make more money as a caddy. When he was eventually able to afford it, he and Valerie rented an apartment in the fashionable western part of the city. Later they bought a home there, and within the past few years they have built what Hogan describes as a "French" house in suburban Fort Worth.

As befits the wife of one of the city's leading businessmen and its most famous celebrity, Valerie is active on committees for local charities. Together the Hogans enjoy their position, their friends and success. If Ben's public had seen him throw sugar on the floor and go into a soft-shoe act at a large Fort Worth affair one night they would surely know that he has lost some of his reserve. Ben belongs to Shady Oaks, the most posh of Fort Worth golf clubs, although he used to play mainly at Colonial, which is considerably larger and less exclusive. Both courses were built by Marvin Leonard, who ranks among the richest of Fort Worth's oil millionaires. Leonard was one of Ben's early backers. He has advised Ben for many years, and he helped him organize the Ben Hogan Company when Ben decided that he was ready to give up tournament golf and start a business that would take him through life.

Most mornings when Hogan is in Fort Worth he is down at his plant, where he occupies a large office meticulously furnished with handsome and functional antiques, some fine old golf prints and several pictures of himself with President

continued

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Eisenhower. Since he and Valerie became engrossed in furnishing their new house Ben has taken an interest in antiques, and it is characteristic of him that he refuses to put anything into the office that is not exactly what is right and appropriate.

Hogan has said that his name is the most valuable thing he owns. Ben has protected it jealously throughout his life, so that now, in his middle age, it is one of the most prized assets in the world of golf. The name Ben Hogan on the golf equipment that Ben's company manufactures is its warranty of quality. When the first Hogan clubs came out of the factory in 1954 Ben looked them over and decided they were just not good enough to carry his name. He ordered them junked. One of his original backers, a man who owned 25% of the company, balked at this expensive decision, so Ben immediately borrowed money and bought him out. The company lost some \$80,000 because of Hogan's insistence on destroying the clubs, but there was never afterward any question in the minds of either the public or the golfing profession that Hogan was willing to put his reputation behind Hogan clubs.

The job of president of the Ben Hogan Company has not always been an unremitting joy to Ben. There were union troubles that once drove him to threaten to close down completely. In 1960 ownership of his company was acquired by American Machine and Foundry, then at the peak of its boom in sports-equipment manufacturing. It appeared at the time to be a deal that would produce a handsome capital-gains benefit and lifetime security for the Hogans, but AMF stock has since dropped considerably. Nonetheless, Ben's share of AMF amounts to a comfortable nest egg, and he receives a handsome salary as president of the Ben Hogan Company, which has been growing steadily.

There is not a machine in this complex factory that he does not know as intimately as his own driver. His biggest problem is the constant change of models. Planned obsolescence must be built into golf clubs—like Detroit automobiles—in order to get new models into the pro shops around the country each year. All the large manufacturers do this, and Hogan has no choice but to follow

suit. This demands subtle changes in club design, and only Hogan has the authority to pass on such style changes. No club leaves the plant that fails to meet the rigid standards Ben has set.

Perfection and quality are the words that receive the strongest emphasis in Hogan's conversation. Separately and together, they are the holy grail of his long pilgrimage from obscurity. When he speaks of the golf clubs he is making, the word he most often uses is quality. He says that they are the best line of clubs available, and it is obvious that he believes this.

Yet he is constantly tinkering and experimenting with them, searching for new ways to improve and simplify both the clubs themselves and the manufacturing techniques. For example, he so far refuses to go along with the trend to eliminate the screws from the faces of wood clubs, because he cannot find an adhesive he feels is strong enough to replace them. But he is looking hard for one, and recently, when he met the president of Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing at the Crosby tournament in Pebble Beach, they were soon having an animated conversation on the subject of adhesives.

If Hogan is searching for perfect clubs, he is also looking for a faultless place to use them. "I think it would now be possible to build the perfect golf course," he said one noon at Shady Oaks. "First of all," he explained, taking out a pencil and drawing on the paper napkin in front of him, "there are only three kinds of greens. One is shaped like a figure eight. One is shaped like an L. One is just a simple I. [Hogan drew each of them on the napkin as he talked.] Now, you can put bunkers in here and here and here. Then it is just a question of which direction you approach the green from." Hogan drew arrows delineating the possibilities with each type of green and went on to show how these greens could be adapted to various types of golf holes.

It happens that Hogan has his perfect golf course in mind for the not-too-distant future. On a plot of several hundred acres a few miles southwest of Houston he is planning to set up an exclusive new golf club in partnership with friends of his who live in that city. Dick Wilson, the eminent golf architect whom Hogan considers to be the best, will do the actual designing, but

continued

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THE MASTERS continued

Hogan will work with him. Presumably, the ultimate in 8s and 1's and 1's are going to be seen there before many years have passed.

As for the perfect golf swing, Hogan has reached that philosophic age when he can accept the fact that there are certain things he will never see in his lifetime, and this is one of them. He will even concede that there may possibly be no such thing. But, as he wrote in his definitive book on technique, *The Modern Fundamentals of Golf*, "Every year we learn a little more. Each new chunk of valid knowledge paves the way to greater knowledge." It is Hogan's theory now that every new generation of golfers is an improvement on its predecessor, for the uncomplicated reason that all of the lessons of the past make it possible to learn more at an earlier age.

"Someday," Hogan claims, "it may even be possible to construct some kind of machine that will swing a golf club as well as it can possibly be done. They could take movies of this machine in action from various angles, and young kids could watch it and learn to imitate it. Children have a great knack for imitating, so if they watched the movies when they were young enough they could follow the swing pretty closely as they practiced. That is probably as close to the perfect swing as it would be possible for human beings to get."

In the late winter of each year Ben and Valerie Hogan go to Palm Beach, where Ben begins preparing for his first tournament appearance of the season—the Masters. This had been an unvarying custom for 15 years, and it began because of his admiration and affection for The Seminole Golf Club, which he considers the equal of any in the world, both in design and condition.

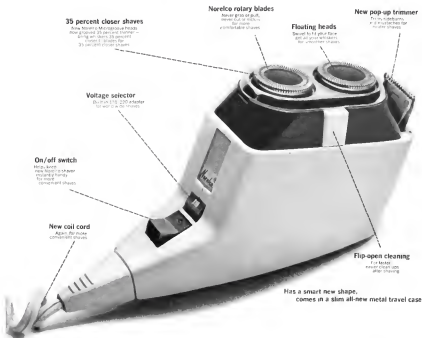
Supersocial Palm Beach may not seem the place for a man like Ben Hogan to find friends, but he has found them there. Claude Harmon was the pro at Seminole when Hogan first started going to Palm Beach. He was succeeded by Henry Picard, the current pro, who was a staunch friend of Ben's in his very early days of tournament golf. The *maître de golf* at the club and the man who is largely responsible for the excellence of the course, is Chris Dunphy, an old companion of Ben's. One year Ben and Valerie spent their holiday at Dunphy's house, where the Duke and Duchess of

continued

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THE MASTERS

Windser are frequent guests. Another of the wealthy Palm Beach genity whom Ben and Valerie have visited is George Coleman, a man who has long been a patron of athletes. Finally, there was the late Paul Shields, a prominent New York investment banker who was, for many years before his death, both business adviser and loyal friend to Hogan.

Among these people Hogan feels comfortable and free of pressure, for they want nothing of him. They all like to play golf for amiable sums, and their banter both on and off the course is the kind of relaxed verbal sparring that puts Ben at his ease. "The grass is so long on those greens I might as well practice on a public course," Hogan told Dunphy a couple of weeks ago. "If you didn't take so much time to putt, the grass wouldn't get that long," answered Dunphy. Several years ago Shields and Hogan were practicing on the putting green one afternoon when some members on the clubhouse porch called down. "Hi, Ben," Hogan turned and waved with a friendly smile. Shields watched this sourly and said, "Look at him—all personality. He'd have never done that before he was selling golf clubs."

Except for Harmon or Picard or one of the young assistant pros, the only person at Seminole who was ever able to give Hogan a real match on the course was Bobby Sweeney, the former British Amateur champion, who is now living abroad. But Hogan, one of the most demanding of first-tee lawyers, always manages to work out some good bets with Dunphy and Coleman and the others. Until quite recently he would play every shot during these games with the same care and consideration he gave to a tournament, often walking ahead to the green to observe a put placement or study the terrain before hitting an approach. Dunphy kidded him about this once, and Hogan replied, "If I didn't do it here, I might get out of the habit and forget to do it in the Masters."

Frequently the group Hogan is playing with will stop the match and make side bets on a particularly tricky hunker shot, and they usually wind up the match with extra bets on sand shots out of the bunker alongside the 18th green. Dunphy, who prides himself on his sand play, says, "I've driven a lot of guys out of that hunker at the 18th but I've never driven Ben out. There isn't a greater sand player in golf."

continued

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Hogan usually goes out to Seminole in the morning and practices before lunch, picking a spot on the course where he can hit shots either into the wind or with the wind blowing from the right. He refuses to practice with the wind from the left because it demands a hook, and he detests a hook. (He once ordered a tree chopped down on Colonial's 15th hole because it forced a hooked tee shot.) Until he revised his swing in 1947, Hogan had hooked most of his shots, but he has long attributed his later success to the built-in fade he devised for himself, a technique that became known as Hogan's secret.

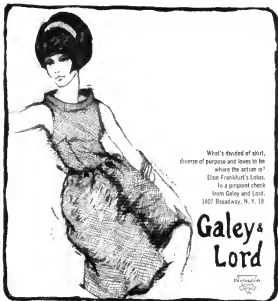
After playing 18 holes at Seminole, Hogan may practice some more or go to the putting green. To Hogan, practice can be as enjoyable as an actual round. He once said, "I just like to go out and hit balls. I enjoy being out there with the golf club in my hand, whether I'm practicing or playing. I experiment all the time with something, and sometimes I get my game so messed up I have to put it all together again."

After the long winter layoff, when the demands of his business make it impossible for Hogan to keep his game in shape, Ben feels it takes him at least two months to start playing the way he likes. "Hell," he says, "you never have your game the way you really want it, but when it comes time to play in a tournament you just take what you've got and go out and play."

Maybe so, but those who know him best insist it has been years since he entered a tournament while his game was ragged. "That is the difference between Ben and most of us," Demaret explains. "Lots of times I'll go to a tournament just to play in it and have some fun, and others will do the same, but not Ben. Ben doesn't play unless he is ready."

Assuming Hogan judges himself ready, and he surely will be, he will be putting in his 23rd appearance at the Masters next week. Those who are fortunate enough to watch him will see shots executed as no other living man can do them. They should savor the sight. After playing the second round with Hogan at the Masters last year, Dave Marr, himself a purist of the swing but of a later time, said something of Ben Hogan's golf that could be applied to every facet of this rare man. "Hogan plays one game," said Marr, "and the rest of us play another."

END



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Two hundred feet below the summit the three men on the first rope—Big Jim, Boh and The Bear—stopped on the final steep snow ridge and changed positions. The smallest hunkle of the three, muffled to plump anonymity in a quilted goose-down jacket, his size 9½ feet enormous in black Korean boots spiked with 10-point crampons, his face hidden behind snow goggles, took the lead position on the 120-foot nylon rope.

He synchronized his breathing as he had been instructed, with a slow, steady "rest" step, in which the knee of the trailing leg is locked to take the weight off tired muscles, and moved up alone

to a summit believed to be more than 14,000 feet high. He was the first man ever to stand atop the superb peak that Canada had named for his dead brother. He took off his goggles to look out upon a vast panorama of granite tyrannosaur teeth extending in all directions across the roof of the Yukon as far as the eye could see, and he stood very still for one private moment. Then, as James (Big Jim) Whittaker and Barry (The Bear) Prather, both veterans of the U.S. Everest expedition, watched and an aerial armada of photographers' planes circled overhead, Senator Robert F. Kennedy planted a family memorial flag. He also

placed in a cache in the snow a copy of President Kennedy's inauguration speech, which was tightly wound in a metal cylinder of the type used for mountaintop registers, and three PT-boat tie clasps. Thus ended the climb of an obscure peak which had started in secrecy in Washington and evolved into the biggest story in Yukon Territory since the cremation of Sam McGee.

The climb had its beginnings on the anniversary of President Kennedy's assassination, when the Canadian House of Commons named for Kennedy a ledge on the shoulder of Mount Logan under the impression that it was a true peak.

INTO THIS?

Bobby Kennedy climbs to the top of a 14,000-foot Yukon mountain, and then he comes down—to stay
by DOLLY CONNELLY



THE FIRST MAN EVER TO SET FOOT ON THE EERIE SUMMIT OF MOUNT KENNEDY, BOBBY PREPARES TO PLANT THE FAMILY FLAG

Old Mapmaker Bradford Washburn, who first charted the little-known St. Elias Range in 1935, pointed out that there was no such unnamed peak in the vicinity, but to the south, near the junction of the borders of Alaska, British Columbia and Yukon Territory, there loomed a 14,000-footer that was all a mountain should be, a spectacular ice-hung granite slab rising upward from a 5,000-foot plateau.

Under the sponsorship of the Boston Museum of Science and the National Geographic Society, Dr. Washburn set out to get an accurate survey of the entire region. From the scientific viewpoint,

the first ascent of Mount Kennedy, until then the highest unclimbed peak on the North American continent, was only one chore in the two-month production of the first definitive map of the area. Late March was chosen as the best climbing time because powder snow is deep and stable for the landing of aircraft, small crevasses are filled in with drift, and avalanches are infrequent.

Then a Mr. J. R. Williams signified his intention to join the finest climbers of the Pacific Northwest in this job. At Seattle's Recreation Equipment, Inc. high-altitude gear made to Williams' measurements (five feet 10 inches, weight 160,

"wiry as hell") piled up in a corner. There were an electric-blue quilted down jacket and trousers, Cruiser pack, ice ax, crampons, interlined snow boots and a suspiciously luxurious selection of freeze-dried delicacies—crab legs, chicken stew, strawberries. By the time J. R. Williams reached Seattle-Tacoma Airport last week to pick up his gear and head north, hundreds of people were milling through the terminal. The secret that Bobby Kennedy was about to climb a mountain was as well kept as news of a Beatle concert.

On the Monday morning at Whitehorse, 143 miles from Mount Kennedy, Yukoners came out to greet Kennedy

continued

with an enthusiasm unseen since Queen Elizabeth popped through in 1959. While taxi drivers, hotelmen and bush pilots fattened on swarms of newsmen, the climbers and their gear were whisked up to a base camp at 9,000 feet on Cathedral Glacier by a Royal Canadian Air Force helicopter that "just happened" to be in the area.

The route to the summit, plotted but not climbed by Dr. Washburn 30 years before, was 10 miles long, with a vertical rise of about 5,000 feet. A high camp was established at about 11,500 feet where the climbers would exchange trail snowshoes for crampons to be used on the dangerous ridge above, some of it pitched as much as 40°. Whittaker, the leader of the climb, graded the route as "moderately difficult and heavily crevassed." It wasn't Everest, but it was all the mountain that a 39-year-old neophyte with a psychological distaste for heights ought to be found on, no matter how "wiry" he is.

The Senator was irreplaceable. The climbers spent Monday night at base camp, and the next morning Kennedy was chafing to get going. "The hardest part of mountain climbing is getting out of camp," he grumbled through the irritating ritual of making up packs and checking supplies. Inexperienced climbers rarely are given tasks in camp, on the assumption that they need the time to acclimate themselves. Not Kennedy.

When the Senator discovered that he had been cut out of chores he trotted around asking, "Can I lend a hand?" and finally assumed the job of lugging pails of clean snow to melt for cooking and drinking. Kennedy used water to wash his face and brush his teeth, nobody told him that these necessities usually are dispensed with on a major climb. The Senator carried his own gear, taking 35 pounds to the high camp, where the climbers spent Tuesday night. Topping his Crusier pack was a three-foot pole and furled black pennant that had been made for him especially to place on Mount Kennedy. It displayed the family coat of arms—three gold helmets against a black background with a border of maroon and silver. (The climbers eventually persuaded Bob to bring the flag back down with him. Violent winds at the summit would have shredded it within 48 hours.)

A full day was cut from the estimated climbing time when it became quickly

apparent to Whittaker, who was leading, and Prather, who was last on the three-man rope, that Kennedy could pick up mountaineering techniques en route. He was shown how to self-arrest with an ice ax, to force himself to breathe to the bottom of his lungs to get the maximum amount of oxygen, to toe into steep snow when going up and to move flat-footed on steep ice, driving in all points of his crampons.

"You only had to show him a thing once," said Whittaker later. "We did not have to tell him not to lean in toward the mountain, the chief problem with novice climbers. He kept perpendicular, kept his feet under him. Coming down around an exposed corner with a 6,000-foot drop immediately below him, he used a set line fixed to ice axes the way it should be used—as a hand line. Skiing has made him accustomed to steep snow—it doesn't scare him. And his boating experience has taught him how to handle rope."

"He's pretty tough. If there had been a weak member in the party we would have been in trouble," said Prather, who slipped into hidden crevasses three times. Kennedy slipped once, with a startled "oof!" into the bottleneck of a curving crevasse that may have been hundreds of feet deep. He caught himself with his arms about chest-deep and scrambled out with a delay from above.

At one point in Wednesday's 4½-hour climb to the summit, Kennedy halted, assuming that there was no way up a 45° rock wall ahead. He was astonished a moment later to see Whittaker's long, lean legs moving steadily upward. "You can't climb that!" Kennedy called. He discovered that with a firm belay you can climb anywhere you can get a toehold.

But his ropemates' chief problem was Kennedy's inclination to overlap, to push out ahead of the lead man on his rope. "He was wound up pretty tight, too eager," said Whittaker, who discovered that the best way to hold Kennedy in the center of the rope was to set a faster pace than normal.

Whittaker, having no desire to be the first man in history to take a U.S. Senator up a mountain and not bring him down, had judiciously added special safeguards to the usual first-aid and emergency gear in his guide's pack: an Arctic sleeping bag good for 30° below

zero in which to shroud an injured man, and a pulmonary-edema kit in case Kennedy suffered an unfavorable reaction to high altitudes. But all he really needed was a small Band-Aid, for Kennedy's only injury was a slight blister on one heel.

Beautiful is a poor word for the first—and, most likely, the last—mountain to be climbed by Bob Kennedy. It is not a tough enough word, or grand enough, for Mount Kennedy is magnificent, with everything that a good peak should have. Corniced on its windblown summit, it has bergschrunds, gaping crevasses, avalanches pouring down glacial sidewalls, wind-packed deep powder, rock-hard glacial ice, terraced rock, ice wall breaks and a snowy wind plume boiling up over its ridges. The mountain proved both higher and tougher than anticipated—not the "easy peak" envisioned back in Washington.

"The final sharp ridge looked a lot like Everest," said Whittaker. "While we were on it Bob wanted to look down the face on the left, thousands of feet of sheer drop. It was the kind of spot that sometimes freezes experienced climbers. He leaned on his ice ax and looked over for a while. If he felt any fear, he kept it to himself."

The climbers spent an hour and a half on the summit, arrived back at base camp just before darkness and were flown down to Whitehorse the next morning. When Kennedy stepped out of the RCAF helicopter he looked bushed. The familiar expressive face, sad and wise like that of a city child who has gained too much knowledge too young, was gaunt, sunburned, bearded and dirty. He expressed his gratitude to the Canadian people, but he "reserved opinion" on the subject of climbing large mountains.

"I'd never go back up there again," he said. "I understand why climbers like it. They are a special breed of men. I'm mindful of the story General Maxwell Taylor tells of reviewing paratroopers during World War II. Each man in turn said that he had become a paratrooper because he liked to jump. Finally Taylor told them, 'I don't like to jump, but I like to be with people who like to jump.' Well, I like to be with people who like to climb. But I don't want to climb again. It's not exactly a pleasant experience. I kept thinking, 'How did I get myself into this?'"

continued

How to buy a suit



- ▶ How to choose the suit style that does the most for your build
- ▶ How to be sure you get a proper fit—what to look for in the 3-way mirror
- ▶ How to be a crank on quality—the 7 trouble spots you should check
- ▶ How to judge tailoring and workmanship the way a professional does
- ▶ How to spot patterns, colors, fabrics that are setting the style for Spring

Michaels-Stern, the 116-year-old clothiers of Rochester, N. Y., offers six pages of tips to help you get the clothes that suit you best. Turn page. ➔

How to choose the Spring suit style that does the most for your build



Average-to-tall and husky: Stay away from fuzzy fabrics—they're fattening. Try smooth un-napped fabrics, sharkskins, whipcords, and tropical weaves (such as the Envoy tropical by Michaels-Stern shown above). Try a coat with little or no waist definition. Wear side vents only if you're lucky enough to have a fairly flat seat.

Short and stocky: Wear patterns with up-and-down designs, or solid colors (such as the dark blue Wonderon tropical suit by Michaels-Stern shown above). Steer clear of overly padded shoulders, broad lapels, tight-waisted jackets, horizontal designs, or tweedy fabrics—they just accentuate the negative.

Average height, medium build: On you, everything looks good. Stay with any style you like. (That's a traditional Michaels-Stern style above—the Ph.D. model with a natural shoulder line.) But vary your favorite cut with suits done in the new textured patterns, or one of the sprightlier Spring colors.

Michaels-Stern gives pointers on how the right suit can add height, subtract girth, and help you do the most with what you've got.



Short and medium weight: You can look taller. Wear a jacket that's slightly on the short side—your legs will look longer. Look for narrow, elongated lapels (like the ones on the 2-button Michaels-Stern Precado suit above). Wear lean-line pants—cuffless if you wish—because they accent the vertical line you're after.

Tall and lanky: Try styles and patterns that have a horizontal effect, to break that daddy-longlegs look. Go for loosely fitted jackets with a bit of shoulder padding (as in the Michaels-Stern tropical above). Steer clear of jackets with extreme waist definition—they're the kind that make you look leggier and bottom-heavy.



Michaels-Stern tells you what to look for in the 3-way mirror

FIRST, relax and stand *naturally* before the mirror. Resist the temptation to pull in your stomach and square your shoulders. Here are 7 points to check, and discuss with the fitter.

1. Fasten the middle coat button. Sway your arms gently, shift your shoulders as though you were walking. If you see wrinkles where the fabric is buttoned, you need a larger size.

2. The coat should be just long enough to cover your seat—but you can give or take an inch or two. (For instance: see the tip for short and medium weight men at left.)

3. The coat collar should sit close to your neck at the back and sides, with about a half-inch of shirt showing above.

4. Sleeves should fall $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 inches above the tip of your thumb. No more than a half-inch of shirt cuff should show.

5. Look astern. The shoulder line and back should be smooth and unbroken. If the fabric is too taut or too loose, have it altered or try another size.

6. Trousers should fit neatly about the waist and seat. Steer clear of these extremes: the baggy look, and the overly tight look.

7. Trousers should *not* break at the cuff (fashion experts agree on this). They should just graze the tops of your shoes. If you *insist* on a break, make it a slight one—cuffs wear out quickly rubbing against your shoes.

Important: Never, never rush through a fitting. Remember, a well-fitted suit looks, feels, and wears better than an indifferently tailored one.

How to be a crank on quality— check into these 7 trouble spots where so many suits go to pot

*Michaels-Stern gives you inside facts
on how to distinguish a suit that will
wear well from one that won't.*

1. Seams—are they neatly sewn? Careless stitching can yank the suit fabric every which way and make the seams pucker. If flimsy thread (particularly cotton) is used, it snaps instead of “giving.”

Michaels-Stern tailors use 11 neat stitches per inch to join seams smoothly. They use only pure silk thread because it's strong and it will give, not snap, under stress.

2. Linings—ask if they're pre-shrunk. If not, they can shrivel and pull the jacket out of shape. Poor linings can also fade and discolor from perspiration and dry cleaning.

Michaels-Stern tailors insist on “high-count” linings—120 vertical threads to 68 horizontal threads per square inch. The fabric is pre-shrunk. It won't stain from perspiration, won't fade.

3. Buttonholes—ask if the thread is silk. If it's not and a coarse, brittle thread is used instead, it will soon snap and unravel with wear. This also leaves a raw buttonhole edge which will saw away on the thread that holds the button. Pretty soon—pop goes the button.

Every Michaels-Stern buttonhole has 45 to 50 tight, precise stitches interlocking the front and underside of the opening. The thread is pure silk twist; smooth, pliable, and it wears like blazes.

4. Pocket linings—they should not feel stiff. Inferior pocket cloths are often starched so they'll feel like a

good, durable fabric—but starch comes out with cleaning. When keys and coins chafe against this weakened material, it wears out.

Michaels-Stern uses a tough, closely woven fabric for all pocket linings. It is never starched.

5. Collar line—make sure the interfacing is linen. If the collar feels brittle, it's interfaced with a coarse, starched cotton. Chances are it will never fit well—too stiff when new, too limp when the starch wears out.

Michaels-Stern uses pure Irish linen interfacings for collar foundations. Costly—but linen is supple and keeps its shape.

6. Pocket edges—ask if they're reinforced. When there is no inner reinforcement, coat pockets will sag and gape with wear. Eventually, the pocket corners will weaken and rip.

Michaels-Stern bolsters all pocket openings with strong inner reinforcements. These keep pockets from sagging and bagging.

7. Crotch—make sure there's no triangle of cloth pieced in at the crotch (where the left and right inseams meet). If there is, this is evidence of fabric-skimping in the cutting room. Gives you a clumsiest fit, too.

Michaels-Stern cutters do not skimp on cloth. You will never find “piecing” in Michaels-Stern trousers—the crotch fits and it's comfortable.





Pinch the lapels, press back the coat front—see reasons below.

Michaels-Stern tells you how to judge workmanship the way professionals do

Pinch the lapels: Expertly made lapels have a built-in roll—not just pressed in, but sewn in. Pinch the lapel (see left part of picture)—then release. The lapel should spring back and resume its roll instantly.

Michaels-Stern tailors sew at least 500 tiny padding stitches in the interfacing of each lapel (all hidden, of course). These hold the roll and keep the lapels in shape permanently. Pinch away.

Press back the coat front: See right part of picture. A well-tailored coat has an inner foundation to give it permanent shape. It should feel supple, yet springy, when pressed between your fingers. When released, the coat should bounce back to shape immediately—without a wrinkle.

Michaels-Stern cuts, pre-shrinks, and sews all its own coat foundations. They're made of a resilient and lasting blend of wool, cotton, and goat's hair (for bounce). The shape is there to stay. Press away.

Give the buttons a slight tug: Good button thread must be strong and resilient. Ordinary thread (such as cotton) will not "give." It snaps under

pressure and then you lose a button.

Michaels-Stern moors all its buttons with three-ply nylon. It's the strongest, springiest thread known. (That's why nylon is used in fishing lines.) Each button is anchored with eight to nine tucks of this nylon thread. Tug away.

Inspect the fabric: You should find no flaws. Patterns should be perfect, colors should be consistent. Cloth used in high-grade suits is inspected scrupulously before it is cut. Then it goes through a laborious finishing process.

Michaels-Stern fabrics are examined slowly and carefully under natural Northern daylight. Flawed cloth is summarily rejected. The material then goes through a cold water shrinking bath. Finally, it is refinished and "set" so there can be no further shrinkage. Inspect away.

Michaels-Stern, a company with a 116-year-old reputation for fine needlework, is not about to jeopardize its good name with shortcuts or cheap-jack tailoring. That's why Michaels-Stern clothing passes all these professional tests.



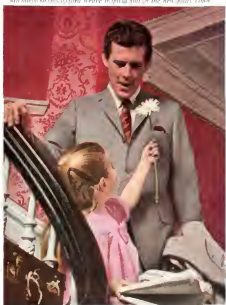
Checked sports jacket in a new Michael-Stern color called Aspen.



"Color plus" suit by Michael-Stern: blue with a mere hint of gold.



Michael-Stern's new Mesa plaid jacket, a cool shade of spring blue.



Michael-Stern's cord weave tropical suit in the new sport color.

How to spot the patterns, colors, fabrics that set the style for Spring '65

Michaels-Stern gives you a quick fashion forecast

"**N**TO SUIT is a good suit if it looks old-fashioned" says Michaels-Stern.

Men's styles change less vehemently than women's, but change they do. For one thing, Spring suits have been getting more Spring-like, and Michaels-Stern predicts that in 1965 they will be livelier than ever.

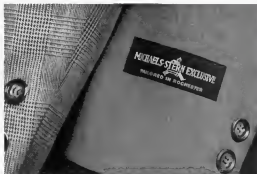
If you haven't bought a Spring suit or sports jacket for a couple of years, take a look at your old ones in the light of this Michaels-Stern forecast:

1. Unusual textures and patterns will be busting out all over. You will be seeing many new fabrics with odd-sounding names: nubby weaves, reeded stripes, random cords, hopsacks. And some new ideas from Michaels-Stern in plaids and checks. See men in flower shop and greenhouse on opposite page.

2. Colors will have more life. Michaels-Stern leads the way with colors like forest green, burgundy, and pewter. We've even made a putty suit. It sounds peculiar, but it looks good with anything. That's what the man is wearing in the hallway at left.

We've also brightened the good old blues, browns, and grays. And we're introducing a new idea called "color plus."

It's just what it sounds like—a basic color plus a hint of another. Blue, say, with a scarcely visible touch of tan or gold. The man hav-



The Michaels-Stern label on the sleeve identifies some of our suits—but not all. Why? Because many fine stores think so highly of Michaels-Stern quality and workmanship that they stitch in their own labels. Hundreds of thousands of men are wearing our suits right now—with the labels of America's finest stores on them.

ing coffee at the Leopard restaurant gives you an idea of the subtle effect of our new blue plus gold.

3. Fabrics will be lighter in weight than ever. That means cooler and more comfortable. Michaels-Stern's new open-weave tropicals weigh in at six ounces per yard—half again as light as Spring suits were just a few years back.

We've asked our weavers to make their Dacron[®]-and-worsted blends

just as light as possible. And we predict a renaissance for good old silk. Splendid stuff, pure or in blends.

How do your old clothes measure up? If in doubt, see the Michaels-Stern collection in the stores now. For the names of stores nearest you, write to Michaels-Stern, Dept. 320, 87 Clinton Avenue North, Rochester, New York 14602.

Michaels-Stern



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A few words about quiet.

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And a word about portability.

You never hefted a handier package of power than this. A suitcase-type lifting handle is at the point of balance. The Sportwin weighs in at 60 pounds. Not bad for 9½ horses, complete with full gearshift, thermostat controlled cooling, etc.

It's short enough to tuck snugly into compact car trunks — only 34 inches, top to skeg.

This sporty little shorty packs a wallop. Powers fishing boats at a 20-mile clip. Runs 80 miles or more on a 6-gallon tank.

It tilts and locks in 16 different running positions for shallow water trolling. The handle tilts up for stand-up trolling. Or down for stowing.

We only made one mistake in building the Sportwin last year.

We didn't build enough to meet the demand.

See the Sportwin at your Evinrude dealer, listed in the Yellow Pages. Free catalog Write Evinrude Motors, 4047 N. 27th St., Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53216.

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FIRST IN OUTBOARDS

IN CANADA: PETERBOROUGH DIV.
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A bath, a shave and a meal later, ex-mountaineer Kennedy was showing the giddy signs of postclimb euphoria that are so familiar to climbers. Delaying his departure five hours, he set forth on a tour of Whitehorse. He shook hands at RCMP headquarters—all the Mounties had stayed in town as a "protective measure" instead of leaving for their bush posts—and visited a high school. He poked into Sam McGee's 1899 cabin, viewed an early steam locomotive of the White Pass and Yukon Route railway and stopped through thick gumbo around the Yukon River sternwheelers *Klondike*, *Whitehorse*, *Casco* and *Loon*, which are rotting in the mud.

Finally he boarded the plane for Seattle, and as it took off he shed his suit jacket and his necktie and pulled on a battered old cashmere sweater. Written in indelible ink on the neck label was the name of its former owner, John F. Kennedy.

Meanwhile, the Mounties of Whitehorse were looking back on Bob Kennedy's visit with the fondest regard. During late March and early April in the north country, cabin fever reaches a high pitch. With relief from the long, dark winter just a matter of days away, emotional frenzy grips the thinly scattered populace, and the homicide rate rises sharply. This year the good people of Yukon Territory have let off so much steam over the Kennedy climb that the Mounties predict they will make it through the ice breakup without so much as an assault case. **END**



LOOKING LIKE A CLIMBER, a grizzled and sunburned Kennedy returns to Whitehorse.



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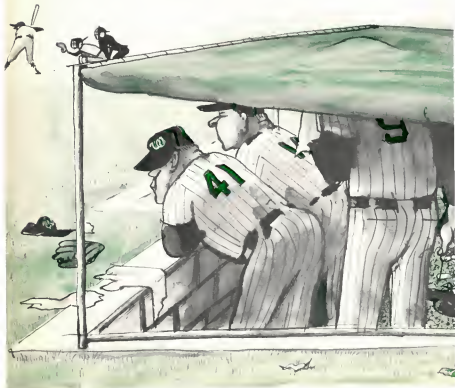
Bad but not horrid, funny but not cute, the 'new' Washington Senators blush virtually unseen in a lonely purgatory they never made, chained to a drab and dreary history they never read **by JACK MANN**

Benny Daniels coiled his lean body languidly as if to lob the ball. But surreptitiously he was reaching back, and the sneaky fast ball popped loudly as it hit Don Zimmer's glove. Zimmer shifted his cud and spat a stream of tobacco juice on home plate. "That's the hardest you thrown in two years," he said. "Nobody knows how fast I am," Daniels said. "The ball don't get to the mitt that often." It was a stock line, vintage early Lefty Gomez. A few minutes

earlier, in the clubhouse, Ron Kline had informed a visitor that he thought of himself as being in the twilight of a mediocre career. That was a mot copyrighted if not originated by Frank Sullivan (the pitcher, not the old Saratoga hand who writes for *The New Yorker*). In the camp of the "new" Washington Senators even the wisecracks are secondhand.

Still, the Senators are a funny group as ball clubs go, and it is unfortunate that more persons in the Wash-

ington area are not aware of this. They might come out to see them play. The Senators finished ninth last year and attracted 600,106 customers. That was 64,502 more than they drew the year before, and Dr. Coué would have said that was improvement, but it was also 1,132,491 fewer than paid to see the 10th-place New York Mets. The differences between the Mets and Senators are too marginal to merit solemn argument, but the Senators are not—at least



in the eyes of their nonbelievers—cute.

The Washington management carefully avoids the central fact that there was nothing but a great groundswell of public apathy to welcome them in 1961 when the new club sought to fill the "vacuum" left by the old Senators, who moved to Minnesota and renamed themselves the Twins. The Mets, entering an aching void to solace still-sorrowing Giant and Dodger fans, were conceived in nostalgia and dedicated to the dubious proposition that any team is better than none at all. The Senators were similarly dedicated, but they were born in original sin. All the evil that the Griffiths—old Clark and young Calvin—did in Washington lives after them; the good was picked off to the Northwest Territory in Cahin's carpetbag.

In a sense, the new Senators' management has brought the problem on itself. From 1934 through 1960 the old Senators finished in the second division 23 times in 27 years, the last 14 consecutively. They finished as high as second only twice, both times during the war. When Calvin Griffith said he was leaving town, the attitude of Washington fans resembled that of the harried mother Sam Levenson tells about: when her brat threatened to run away from home, she said, "So go. I'll make you sandwiches."

It might have followed that what any new franchise in Washington needed most was a clean break with history—maybe even a new name, to cosmetize some of the stigma. Instead, the new people embraced history, taking the position that they were not new at all.

"The Washington franchise was never vacated," says Burt Hawkins, who endured the old as a newspaperman and now doubles as PR man and road secretary to the new. "The Twins are the new franchise. The records are ours."

Which means Walter Johnson and all that. But along with The Big Train they got a big chain to drag through the league, maybe through their entire existence. Things like this: it says in the *American League Red Book* that Pitcher Jim Grant is 22-5 lifetime over Washington, and only Whitey Ford enjoys figures of greater preponderance over anybody. But analysis shows that Grant was 16-2 over the old Senators and only 6-3 against the new. The latter-day Senators have been three times as successful (.333-.111) against him as their forebears, but they have taken that 22-5 thing to be their own and they are stuck with it. The iniquities of the fathers are being visited upon the children of the second generation, and it doesn't look good for the third.

Alas. The current Senators are a singular collection of Hessians who have done very little to deserve their fate. Seldom in the field of human endeavor has there been such an assemblage of men victimized by the cruel coincidence of being in the wrong place at the wrong time. Take Don Blasingame, the second baseman. From one point of view it could be argued that a man who had taken as his bride the many-splendored daughter of Walker Cooper ought not expect much more luck. (Sara Cooper was Miss Missouri of 1957 and the jury wasn't out long.) In any case, the rest of Blasingame's luck has been mostly bad.

In 1960, after his third good season in St. Louis, the San Francisco Giants doomed Blasingame worth Daryl Spencer and Leon Wagner. The year before, 1959, the Giants had "bought" the pennant from St. Louis in the person of Sam Jones, and then had blown it—partly because Spencer neither felt nor acted like a second baseman. Now, they decided, The Blazer would make everything all right. Nothing was all right. By June the Giants had reached the *reductio ad absurdum* of having Tom Sheehan, the Falstaffian scout, as manager, and

continued



BULGE IN ROOF of Senator dugout is made by lowering Frank Howard (9), now thinking small after his "failure" as Dodger superman.

just played out the schedule. Blasingame, never really more than a quite adequate player, wilted under the unreasonable pressure and became inadequate.

The next spring he was traded to Cincinnati, where there would be a pennant that year, but Blasingame could win only part of a job. He ran into the one brief flash of adequacy by Elio Chacon, who later tipped his fraudulentcy by failing as a Met. After that, for The Blazer, there was Washington.

The first wrong place for Don Zimmer was the batter's box in Columbus, Ohio on a July night in 1953. At age 22, with 23 home runs in the bank and the league lead in runs batted in, Zimmer had it made. Then a curve ball got him above the left temple and nearly killed him. "I didn't see it," Zimmer said. The fractured skull finished him for the year, and the *dirty* spells lasted into the next season, but he finally got to Brooklyn to sit in the shadow of Pee Wee Reese.

Zimmer played half the 1955 season when Jim Gilliam had his only bad year. But he didn't get to his "real" position, shortstop, until Reese was injured in 1956. He was in the right place then, but it was going to be the wrong time, "Hodges hit a home run," he said, "and I was the next man up. Jeffcoat hit me."

Hal Jeffcoat's pitch shattered Zimmer's left cheekbone and detached the retina of his left eye. Friends suggested in vain that he quit ("What would I do for a living?"), and in the spring of 1957 the Dodger encourage was observing his reflexes carefully. One day in Miami Stadium he showed them Don Zimmer's kind of reflex action. Detroit's Jim Bunning, pitching with untidy speed, threw the highest and tightest of pitches, and Zimmer had to bail out. That kind of pitch can scare a man who has never been hit, and surely Zimmer had to become a fanny-in-the-dugout hitter sooner or later. Instead, he got up and hit the next pitch into the parking lot.

But the next three seasons were bitter years for Zimmer. He may not have invented his favorite expression, "Play me or trade me," but he is undisputed author of the phrase, "The Man don't like me," which he frequently employed within earshot of Manager Walter Alston. He had one last opportunity with the Dodgers, but again it came at the wrong time for Zimmer. In 1959 Los Angeles won the pennant the hardest way, with a team put together with string and glue. The Man could have and would have used any little bit of help he could get. That was the year Zimmer hit a melancholy .165.

Zimmer's weakness is his strength. There are 185 pounds packed on his frame, which is not nearly the 5 feet 9 it says in the book, and a number of those pounds are in the brawny arms that led Tommy Holmes of the *New York Herald Tribune* long ago to dub him "The Boy Blacksmith." And there is a strong mind in the strong body, which has often made Zimmer his own most formidable opponent. He wanted to hit home runs. His .238 lifetime average could be 30 points higher if he had ever recognized right field as fair territory, but the sight of a left-field fence has always aroused a sensual urge

in him that he cannot resist for long.

A new Don Zimmer introduced himself at the Chicago Cubs' camp in Mesa, Ariz. in 1961. He had seen the light and shortened his stroke. No sir, it did not pay to go for the long ball, and he would not. He even asked the manager to bat him second so he could demonstrate his proficiency as a hit-and-run man. In the first inning the Cubs' lead-off man got on. Zimmer looked eagerly for the sign, then strode purposefully into the first pitch. The ball went behind the runner, as prescribed. It also went behind the scoreboard in right center. The next time up the new Don Zimmer almost spun himself into the ground trying to reach the fence again.

Another reconstructed Don Zimmer came to Pompano Beach this spring. He had caught 32 games in the Florida Instructional League during the winter, in an effort, at 34, to increase his utility and enhance his job security by becoming a catcher. He had broken only one finger.

"The guy didn't even want to hit the ball," Zimmer said, "but he was reaching out and he ticked it. There wasn't three people in the stands, but one of them was my wife and I said, 'God damn it,' loud. I knew it was broken, but I just stood there awhile. I didn't want to look at it."

Zimmer was catching again in 10 days. He is, surprisingly, in the right place. "A third catcher is the sort of luxury I don't believe I can afford," Manager Gil Hodges said. "But Don may solve the problem for me. He's a good catcher."

In the lexicon of baseball the barbaric adverb "real" delineates the exceptional. Tom Tresh has good speed; Willie Davis has the real good speed. Don Drysdale throws hard; Jim Maloney throws real hard. Zimmer is not a real good catcher, because, again, his timing was bad. "He should have made the change eight years ago," Hodges said. "He'd be a first-class catcher."

Gil tested his old buddy when he "let" him catch 10 innings in an exhibition game in Mexico City, where it is 7,500 feet high and they never water the infield. "That dust bowl," Zimmer said last week. "The first day we took a lap around the field and guys was gasping and pulling up before we got halfway." By the fourth day the team had largely overcome its anoxia, but almost all hands were weakened by varying

WEARY WARRIOR Don Zimmer, now 34, is retrofitting himself as a catcher, is still breaking bones and swinging like "The Boy Blacksmith."

continued



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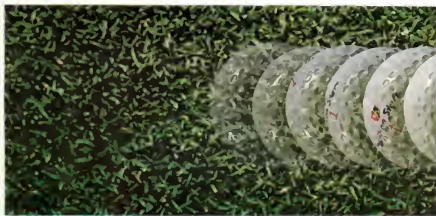
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degrees of dysentery. "When No. 14 [Hodges] used a catcher as a pinch hitter in the third inning," Zimmer said, "I thought, oh, oh. Then he used the other one in the fifth, and I could see how it was going to be. I was it. I was running down to buck up first on every ground ball, and by the eighth inning I was walking back. Yeah, I suppose it was kind of funny, but I'm battling for a job. I'm not fooling around."

Then Zimmer tore a muscle in his elbow, so badly that he could not lift his arm, so badly that he'd be out of action until after the season begins. Hodges put his plans for Zimmer in escrow, and The Boy Blacksmith began planning his next comeback.

The biggest man in the Senators' camp is thinking small. Sweating down to his 245-pound playing weight, Frank Howard is trying to convert himself from a superman to a useful baseball player. He made his first mistake late in 1958 in his first game as a Dodger. He hit a ball "over everything," and thereafter anything he did that was ungargantuan was disappointing. Last winter the Dodgers gave up on him, and he's glad.

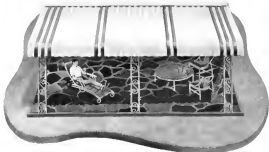
"I'll get to play more here," he said. "Over there I'd have been a platoon player. Yes, I think the ballyhoo hurt me, because I never was really that good. People see you are capable of doing something and they . . . well, they want you to do it more often. I don't think I can hit .300, or 40 home runs. I'd say 30 home runs and about .275. I really don't have more ability than that."

Howard's Los Angeles performance (he hit .296 twice and as many as 31 home runs) could get him steady work as a Senator, maybe. He hasn't become much more graceful as an outfielder, and he can't throw. At least he doesn't know if he can. "The arm is better," he said after lobbing a relay to nobody and giving away a run. "But I haven't cut loose yet."

Ron Kline is the leading wrongdoer of the Senators' pitchers. After losing 83 games in six years with the Pirates, he was traded away in December 1959—just in time to miss a winner's share of the 1960 World Series. He remembers his stewardship in Pittsburgh. "I had pitched six days in a row," he said. "One day in Chicago I told Bragan I was going to need a day off pretty soon. 'The way you're pitching,' he said, 'you've had the whole year off.'" Bobby Bragan was fired that night, but Kline

continued

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KEEP IN SHAPE WITH BOBBY NICHOLS, 1961 PGA CHAMP

SENATORS *(continued)*

isn't making a *post hoc* thing of that.

Washington's general manager, George Selkirk, holds the all-time high—or low—for wrong-time, wrong-place occupancy. His record as a left-handed hitter was a proud one, and he could do everything else well. But excellence was not enough when he reported to the Yankees in the spring of 1935. All Selkirk had to do that year was take Babe Ruth's place. If that weren't implausible enough, publicity men had not yet conceived the idea of retiring famous uniform numbers. Selkirk had to trot out to right field with No. 3 on his back.

George bore it well for two seasons, and in 1937 he got off to an excellent start. By mid-June he had 17 home runs and was leading the league. Then he broke his collarbone. "That's what they thought," Selkirk said. "When they took the sling off they found my elbow was broken, too." He had other good seasons, but never a *real* good one.

Perhaps, it was suggested in discussing attendance figures with Selkirk, Washington is the wrong place for a ball club to be. D.C. Stadium may, as he says, "make Shea Stadium and Chavez Ravine look bush," but people don't come. There was that rumble on Thanksgiving Day 1962 after a football game, and since then nobody knows how many fans have stayed away out of fear.

"Not many," Selkirk said. "You're as safe there as you are in any ball park. Look, they had a story about a guy who got the hell beat out of him on his way home from the stadium. You know how far away he was? Twelve blocks. Our problem is to improve the team and build the people's confidence. When we have that, we'll draw."

One hopes that when they have and they do, Gil Hodges will still be there. He is the one member of the Senators' dramatic personae who is certainly in the right place at the right time. If it were possible to follow the top line of Hodges' breeding back to antiquity, the name of Job would pop up somewhere.

Only such a man could keep his aplomb in the face of the maddening consistency with which last year's plodding Senators won 31 games on the road and 31 at home. "If you can't play for him," Frank Howard said in a grammatical variation of another baseball standard, "you can't play for nobody."

His nonpareil nice-guyness led many
a continued



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SENATORS *continued*

to doubt Hodges could be a manager. How could a man who never yelled at an umpire chew out a player? "I don't use the name of God," Hodges said, "and I don't use the obscenities. I don't say I've never used them, but it's not my regular vocabulary. No, it's not a religious thing. I had early parochial training and I went to a Catholic college, but nothing special. Anyway, the fact that I am not capable of using language like that doesn't mean I can't express myself. I believe I make my points." The players believe so, too. "He's the sweetest guy in the world," one of them said, "but he's a tough son of a bitch."

Hodges has done most of his chewing out privately, but a few players who didn't get the message have been read off before the troops, Marine Corps style. "I don't like to embarrass a man," Hodges said, "because I know how it feels. I was in one of my characteristic slumps in Brooklyn and decided skipping hitting practice might help. When I showed up late Harold Parrott [then Dodger business manager] said Dessen was looking for me. Harold said I should tell him I went to late Mass, but Charley knew there were early Masses. The next day he called a meeting and gave it to me. Now, I was wrong, but Charley got carried away and said a lot of things that were out of line. He even mentioned my family, and he shouldn't have done that."

"I took it because I was wrong. If I'd asked permission he'd have said O.K., so I was stupid. And I took it because all the other guys were there. It wouldn't be right to put a manager down in front of the club."

Why did Hodges become a manager? "I needed a job. I couldn't play anymore. Sure, I have the bowling alley in Brooklyn, but that's not making money yet. I did make good money in baseball, but not real good."

Hodges could have made the real good money by having the real big season instead of spreading his 370 home runs so evenly. In 1952 and 1953, for example, he hit 32 and 31 home runs. Had he hit 51 the first year and 12 the second, the fiscal structure of baseball being what it is, he'd have been ahead.

"Yes," he agreed. "I admit I made the mistake of being too consistent."

So, unhappily, have the new Senators, ninth, tenth, tenth, ninth. Only the Mets have done worse. And people come to see *them* play.

END



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"Mudville," said Bo Belinsky, "needs a little action. Mamie will Christmas-treep the place." Excitement spread through the Phillie clubhouse on gusts of freshly applied aftershave. Anticipation glistened from new layers of greasy kid stuff. Glamorous Mamie Van Doren was coming to Clearwater to root for ex-fiancé Bo. During batting practice several players waited near the gate Mamie was supposed to enter. No luck. Once the game began, shiny heads kept popping up out of the dugout; shiny eyes scanned the stands for Mamie. No Mamie. The Phillies, left at the altar in last year's pennant race, had been stood up again. Mamie sent word that the weather was too cold. The following day was overcast but mild. Again, no Mamie. "I wasn't feeling groovy," she explained. "This would never have happened," Cutchy Gus Triandos told Belinsky. "If we had won the pennant."

After a trip well out of the snow belt, Gus Grissom knew just where he was headed. "What I want to do now," he said, "is go skiing."

In the recent French local elections the Gaullist headquarters at Marseille was bombed; there was a strike of poll clerks and a woman candidate attacked a retiring mayor with a ballot box. But these were only the more overt examples of oldtime Gallic politics. Another concerned Jean Vuarnet, Squaw Valley Olympic downhill champion in 1960 and now the sports director of the Savoyard resort of Morzine. He wasn't even running for office, yet 114 townspeople wrote in his name for mayor. It was their way of protesting the incumbent mayor's announced intention not to renew Vuarnet's contract. The three opposition parties then called upon Vuarnet to lead them in the runoff balloting. Vuarnet consented and won easily, thereby not only

saving his job but also becoming mayor. The elections were, in fact, a landslide—or, rather, snowslide—for skiers. Robert Killy and Robert Goitschel, fathers of Jean-Claude and the sisters Marcelline and Christine, respectively, also schussed into local office at Val d'Isère. Guy Périllat was elected town councilman while not even in France. His only campaign maneuver was to ski—and not particularly well—against the U.S. and Austria at Vail.

CBS Newscaster Robert Trout, a dedicated walker, recently was seen dogtrotting on a Manhattan avenue. Trout, it develops, has set a daily walking goal of five miles, or 100 New York City blocks. "Have to hurry," puffed Trout. "I'm 1,000 blocks behind my quota."

Not satisfied with his modest plan to ride the Kansas City Athletics' mule mascot from home to third on Opening Day (PEOPLE, Feb. 22), Owner Charles Finley has expanded his horizons. The gates of the bullpen—temporarily converted to a mulepen—will swing wide, and out will ride the nine members of the starting lineup, all on mules. Each player will ride to his position. Finley did not say whether the A's would dismount to play their positions. He did, however, say that he was serious about renaming the club the Missouri Mules.

Over the years, open woods and pasture around McLean, Va. have been turned into highways, shopping centers and subdivisions. As horseback riding areas disappeared, desperate young equestrians took to the grassy strip dividing traffic on the George Washington Parkway into the capital. Recently, however, the mare of one pretty rider was reined in by a Washington park policeman. "Sorry," said the cop, "but you can't ride horseback here." Saddened, the

12-year-old returned home. That night the girl reported her plight to her father, Stewart Udall, who had mixed feelings. As Secretary of the Interior, Udall wants to conserve the wide-open spaces, but he also heads the park police. Said Udall to the press, "The policeman did his duty. But after all, where could Lori ride but along the highway? I ask you, where?"

Ernie Terrell, the other world heavyweight boxing champion, has turned to rhythm and blues to express his sorrows. The WBA's answer to Cassius Clay made an appearance on Johnny Carson's *Tonight* show, and then, shimmering in an indigo tux, played his first big nightclub with a relatively rocking and rolling trio at Chicago's Whisky A-Go Go. With sister Velma and brother J. C. (plus a second brother, Lenon, on bass), Terrell wailed, "You kissed me, then you walked away." The fighter did not seem exactly dedicated to his art. Afterward he said: "I'm in this for the money. I'm not getting out of boxing. So far one is bad and the other is worse."

Famed Washington Trial Lawyer Edward Bennett Williams and Michigan Senator Philip A.

Hart both have 12-year-old sons who attend the same private school in Leonardtown, Md. The other day the boys met in a school boxing match, and Mike Hart resoundingly knocked out Joby Williams. "I think the voters in Michigan ought to know," Williams senior wrote to Hart senior, "that you are hiding out a prospective white hope in Leonardtown, Md. and that your boxing bill is motivated entirely by nepotism."

Billed with a certain inextinguishable logic as Beauty and the Beef, Singer Jane Morgan and Pro Footballers Tommy McDonald, Jack Concannon, Ed Khayat and Jim Ringo (below) are knocking them dead as the Latin Casino in Camden, N.J. After a bolfo opening in which Cowboy McDonald comes dancing out on his toes, carrying a rose in his teeth and tossing powder to the audience, the group launches into such current favorites as *Sweet Adeline*, *Heart of My Heart* and *That Old Gang of Mine*. They also attempt comedy routines: "I got so big because I don't smoke, drink or go around with women," says Khayat. "What do you do for kicks?" asks Jane. "I tell the biggest lies in the NFL," says Khayat.



The day the Cowboys got lassoed for a loss

It does not happen often, so when Oklahoma State's mighty wrestlers fell in the Nationals the crowd was almost too stunned to cheer. With a doughty display of self-torture, Iowa State won on the very last round

When you think of Laramie, Wyoming, natural associations come to mind: sixth-grade geography and televised adult Westerns indigestible even to a sixth-grader. It is quite difficult to associate the town with a major sports event, unless the sport is rodeo or the struggle for oxygen (a major contest for visitors) in an altitude of 7,165 feet. But last week, in Laramie young men with Erich von Stroheim heads and deeply set eyes littered the sidewalk, and the conversation clung to cradles, gullotines, head levers, soufflés, pretzels and the price one had to pay in wrestling, which, to some, seemed exorbitant, considering Laramie.

The reason for all of this was the 35th annual NCAA wrestling championship, and the event, although smoothly managed, was as close to organized chaos as an Indian massacre Hollywood-style. There were 227 wrestlers from 24 states flopping about on six multicolored mats (approximately \$20,000 worth). Spectators from New York to San Francisco swarmed from one mat to another, and for three full days (seven hours each) the University of Wyoming field house was rent with enough sounds to satisfy a disc jockey for years. But at the very end, in the final round of the last bout, there was an explosion and then stunned silence. Iowa State had won the NCAA championship by beating Oklahoma State 87-86. The king of college wrestling, the winner of 24 out of 34 championships, seven in the last 10 years, had been suddenly and shockingly toppled.

Entering the finals, Iowa State trailed the Cowboys 66-44, and few of those present would have given a whoop for Iowa State's chances of finishing even second. The Iowans, as they had at Cornell the year before, collapsed in the semifinals; entering with six wrestlers, they came out with only two finalists. Oklahoma State took five of its eight semifinals into the last round. Another Cowboy title seemed just a matter of time. Then, almost unnoticed, the com-

plexion of the tournament started to change in the consolation bouts, which count in a team's total score. Oklahoma State's Dennis Dutch lost to Roger Sebert of Iowa State, as he had before, but Gene Davis, 137 pounds and heavily favored, was also a loser—to Bob Buzzard of Iowa State.

Still, the consolation victories were hardly enough to excite the many spectators who have long hoped for an Oklahoma State defeat. But Iowa State kept hammering away, and then came the 147-pound final-round match between Veryl Long and Joe Bavaro. Trailing with 12 seconds to go, Long suddenly reversed Bavaro to tie, sending the match into overtime. Long finally won on a referee's decision, and Iowa State led Oklahoma State 84-82.

The Cowboys were still in fine shape, though. They had three wrestlers in the remaining finals and figured to take at least two of these. The figures led. In the very next match, the most important and no doubt the decisive bout of the evening, 177-pounders Bill Harlow and Tom Peckham fought each other evenly almost to the end. Then, behind with 25 seconds to go, Peckham executed an exceptional inside switch and won. Peckham was from Iowa State, Harlow from Oklahoma State, and now the Iowans were five points ahead of the Cowboys.

As expected, Oklahoma State rebounded to within a point of Iowa State in the next match when 191-pounder Jack Brisco pinned Dan Pernat of Wisconsin. The only event that remained was the heavyweight match between Syracuse's huge fullback, Jim Nance, and Russ Winer of Oklahoma State. Nance, who was the heavyweight champion in 1963, seemed unruffled by the importance of the moment, although he had a lot on the line himself. In 1964 he lost in the quarter-finals, and then did not show up for the consolations. "My pride was hurt," he said. There was nothing wrong with Nance's pride Saturday night. He

decided Winer 5-3 and the field house erupted—but quietly. The fans flooded the mats, but instead of roaring they stood around as if in a coma, not knowing what to do. The Iowa State wrestlers rushed out on the mats, and carried Nance on their shoulders. But the sound of the gun that usually signifies an Oklahoma State victory was missing.

The reaction to Iowa State's victory was to be expected. "They finally caught up with Roderick's animals," said one coach. "My, what a good feeling." In short, more than a victory for Iowa State, this was for many a triumph of the purists over the proselyter, the master recruiter, Myron Roderick. Tadaaki Hatta and 130-pounder Yojo Uetake, a gold medal winner in the Olympics, are the result of Roderick's pipeline to Japan. Bob Douglas, an exceptional 147-pounder, who suffered a concussion in the first round and was out the rest of the tournament (certainly a damaging blow to Oklahoma State), was discovered by Roderick in a match at Kent State University two years ago. Douglas, then at West Liberty State College in West Virginia, hitchhiked to the Nationals at Kent, and was runner-up in his class. The next year he was on the Cowboy campus. Asked why he decided to transfer, he said: "Man, this is a fat guy. Why not?" But if life for a wrestler at Oklahoma State is a cornucopia of privilege and reward, it is also rigorously demanding.

"The alumni only want to hear how many straight dual matches you've won, and did you win the Nationals," says Roderick. "That's the tradition."

Actually, that is only part of the tradition. Toughness is the other half. (Legend has it that Roderick's ears are cauliflowered because he kept banging them with his fists; in Stillwater a cauliflower ear is a badge of honor.) Winning and toughness are inculcated in the mind of every boy entering the wrestling room for the first time. The 6,000 or more fans who show up for every match—Cowboy



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wrestling dominates coffee hour discussions—expect nothing less. Losers live everywhere except in Oklahoma, especially not in Stillwater.

Yet, there is nothing aggressive about the Cowboy style of wrestling, in fact, some label it dull. It is conservative, the emphasis being on takedowns and escapes. In contrast to Iowa State, the Cowboys do not like to "mat wrestle," and the last place they want an opponent is on his back. It is too easy to be reversed (presenting the other man with two points), and nothing infuriates Roderick more than a reversal. "His boys had rather die," says one coach, "than face him after being reversed."

Watching Roderick at the Nationals, it was easy to see how he can instill fear and spirit in his boys. His small, hard body jerking up and down, his fists thrust forward, he was a picture of fury. Again and again he would start to climb up on the mat, his fist shaking and his voice howling like a wounded animal: "Do you wanna win this match? Do you really wanna win it?"

The boy would just turn and look vacantly at him.

"Yeah, boy, I sure do mean it. Do you wanna quit? Or do you wanna win it?"

Once one of his wrestlers, with contempt in his eyes and voice, turned and shouted, "Yeahhh."

Later, over oatmeal on the morning before the finals, Roderick seemed emotionally exhausted. He finished his breakfast and then arranged for a victory dinner following the finals. "We've paid the price," he sighed.

So had a lot of others, and never was it more sharply apparent than at the morning weigh-in. The NCAA championships come high, and weights have to come low. One by one, the wrestlers marched up to the scales, their faces pale, their cheeks sunken, their eyes rimmed with brown circles. They had come from the field-house steam rooms, which each morning were cluttered with wrestlers, sitting almost on top of one another, their heads wrapped in towels and hured in their arms.

In addition to the steams, some did not eat or drink for three days; tournaments are the most difficult, because the boys have to make the weight every day. Abstinence from liquid becomes almost unbearable; the wrestlers become so dry their saliva becomes powdery. A Lehigh boy lost his last four ounces by chugging

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WRESTLING *continued*

gum and spitting. Another boy, trying to stay at his weight, refused to carry money for fear he might be tempted to buy something to eat.

It is, it seems, an unending job of self-deception. The wrestlers react in different ways to the punishment. Some become sullen, others seem to derive great joy from the ascetic laws of the sport. "You push yourself beyond the brink," said one happily. "And it makes you feel good inside, like you are able to keep doing what nobody else can do." No other sport—it seemed brutally evident at the Nationals—demands so much of a performer as wrestling. Physically and emotionally, he is constantly paying.

The emotional strain on a wrestler before a match was even more obvious. Some sat on benches, their eyes cast downward. Others kept jumping about, unable to keep still. A few paced up and down in the same place, looking as if they were in a private world. Only now and then did they turn to stare out toward the mats—and then only when the crowd began shrieking: "Show 'em the lights," or "Plant 'em." This is the terminology for the pin—the most personal of all humiliations in sport.

"Sure," said one coach, "being pinned, especially in the Nationals, and even just losing is humiliating to them, but one day a lot of the boys will regard having competed in the Nationals, just being there, as a victory."

True, perhaps, but a large body of the fans is unlikely to share this viewpoint. Just being there was an ordeal. The weather was not exactly chamber of commerce perfect. High winds, constant snow and 10° temperatures provoked grumbling, some of it in jest. Overlooking the weather, there were those who complained about the almost monastic atmosphere of the town, which sits between the Laramie and Medicine Bow mountains. Little did they know that once Laramie was the haven—"with the exception of a few good and noble men and women—of gamblers, highwaymen, garroters, shady ladies and their necessary companions."

By Sunday morning, however, most of them had forgotten their complaints. They had watched good wrestling, gloried at the price being paid, and now they would travel home and talk of cradles and head levers and cuckle at a singular fact: There is, at last, a loser in Stillwater.

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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

Zero doubled is no worse than zero

In rubber bridge it rarely pays to rescue your partner from a contract you are certain he cannot make, because chances are you will only get into even deeper trouble. Better to let him battle it out and keep the loss to a minimum. But in duplicate bridge you are able to act with the knowledge that you cannot score worse than a bottom. If your attempt to sidestep disaster costs another 200 points or so, who cares? You will still score no worse than the zero you were headed for anyway.

South operated on that principle in this hand from a recent tournament. Realizing that he had very little defensive strength, he bid four hearts over North's double of three spades. He was reasonably sure he would not make four hearts, but he was equally sure that the opponents

would make the three spades his partner had doubled.

East unaccountably dropped the 3 of diamonds on the first trick—a defensive slip—and South was quick to play the 5. West continued with the diamond ace and South dropped his deuce, giving West the impression that he held only two diamonds while East had three. So West shifted to the ace and another club, East signaling with the 8 on the first round. Declarer took dummy's king of clubs and led the spade king to West's ace. West led a third club, letting East make his queen, but East had to return a spade, letting South dump his remaining diamond. West was marked for a lone heart, so declarer took dummy's ace of hearts and led a low one, putting on the 9 when East ducked. Thus East was held to a single trump trick, declarer won seven tricks in all and was down "only" three tricks for 500 points.

"Nice going," said North with mock enthusiasm. "Thanks to a defensive error and a good play in trumps, you managed to escape going down 700—but a bottom is a bottom. Why didn't you leave them in three spades and let them get set?"

"I thought I had good reasons. Among them, you might have had a different kind of hand—including the ace of spades and something more in diamonds for example. But my best reason was that you couldn't set them."

North replied that he would like to see West make three spades against the king of spades opening, but the fact is that three spades can be made against any lead. West ducks the king of spades and also the queen when North continues the suit. Now North can't lead a third spade without giving up a trick; a club lead would let East's queen win; and a diamond lead would give West the whole diamond suit. Presumably he would lead the ace and another heart, with West shedding a club on dummy's heart king. Next declarer plays ace, king and a third diamond, ruffed in dummy. West gets back to his hand by leading dummy's last trump to his ace of spades. He leads out his good diamonds, and if North ruffs he must lead a club; if he pitches on both the diamonds, declarer leads his last spade to put North in for the same end play in the club suit.

This is exactly what happened to another table. West made three spades doubled, so the North-South pair was minus 530. Going down 500 in four hearts doubled was, therefore, worth one match point. Not much, it is true, but not the bottom, either.

END

Neither side vulnerable
South dealer

NORTH	WEST	EAST	SOUTH
♠ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♥ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♦ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♣ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2	♠ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♥ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♦ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♣ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2	♠ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♥ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♦ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♣ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2	♠ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♥ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♦ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♣ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2
PASS	PASS	PASS	PASS
3♥	3♠	PASS	PASS
3♥	PASS	PASS	3♠
PASS	PASS	DOUBLE	PASS
4♥	PASS	PASS	DOUBLE
PASS	PASS	PASS	PASS

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A sweet wet win for America at Sebring



Italy's magnificent Ferraris were challenged in the foremost U.S. sports car races by Chaparrals and Fords. This time the challenge succeeded—Jim Hall's Chaparral splashed in first and Fords won major prizes

To many Americans the Ferrari automobile is one of the great treasures of Italy, belonging up there with Sophia Loren, the columns of the Forum and the fettucini at Alfredo's. Swift, beautiful and extravagantly expensive in street clothing, fierce and conquering on the world's racecourses, the Ferrari has glamour, oomph, *it*. For a decade Ferraris so dominated the world-class endurance races that they came to be regarded as invincible. Their supremacy was nowhere more evident than at Sebring in mid-Florida, where they had rolled to victory in six of the last seven 12-hour races and failed to take the seventh only because, in that one year, Builder Enzo Ferrari loftily declined to participate.

Last week the news that America at

last had the means to give Ferrari a fight brought a record crowd of 50,000 people to Sebring's flat but car-torturing airfield racecourse and, lo! the mighty, the magnificent, the marvelous Ferraris were beaten. On a historic day that lifted from U.S. enthusiasts the burden of reaching back to a Duesenberg's victory in the 1921 French Grand Prix for evidence that America could win a first-class road race, not one but two native racing machines outran the cars from Maranello.

Beginning under a tropical sun, but punctuated by heavy rain, the race turned out to be as much a civil war between the two largest American automakers—Chevrolet and Ford—as a U.S. assault on the Ferraris. First home,

spraying a bow wave and roostertail of rainwater, was the white Chevy-engined Chaparral roadster of that brainy, wealthy, taciturn Texan, Jim Hall. Four laps down to the Chaparral but second among the 43 finishers came Ford Motor Company's elegant blue-and-white GT coupe—and then the first Ferrari.

Hall, one of the world's rare driver-designers, clearly deserves immense credit for the imagination and zeal he put into the Chaparral project. Just how much credit belongs to Chevrolet is another, and most controversial, matter, since General Motors professes to be entirely out of racing. It is widely assumed that Hall has been given technical advice by engineers of GM's Chevy division—and perhaps some choice hardware for

continued

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MOTOR SPORTS continued

the Chaparral's engine and an automatic transmission unique in racing—on an informal basis and without review by GM Board Chairman Frederic Donner. The latter's stand on keeping GM out of racing appears to be forthright and unequivocal. Hall himself said, "Any help I got from Chevrolet was through the back door." He refused to say more about it.

However much or little Chevy contributed, the public inescapably saw the race as a duel between Detroit's Titans. Ford, having invested millions in an open and massive racing program on many fronts, must have been enormous-



CHAPARRAL MEN JIM HALL (LEFT)

ly galled by the Chaparral victory, but its own car's performance was a considerable triumph. Racing in the so-called prototype class and thus conceding some 600 speed-sapping pounds in weight to the Chaparral—an all-out sports car burdened by fewer restrictions—the GT defeated all other prototypes and gained a long lead in the run for an important manufacturers' world championship. The GT had already won February's Daytona Continental, the first point race of the season but a poorly attended event not yet of the first rank. Ford picked up additional Schwing prestige with the Grand Touring class win of a Ford-powered Cobra.

On the scene last week the Ferrari team was technically absent—Enzo Ferrari having taken umbrage at a rules change permitting cars like the Chaparral to race—but it was present in prime driving flesh and racing metal. Around

the pits were "spectators" from Ferrari's own North American Racing Team, many with wrenches in their hands. All along the carnival midway and behind the pits the question was: were there, or were there not, two new factory Ferraris? Obviously there were: the No. 33, entered by Kleiner Racing Enterprises of Austin, Texas and driven by Factory Drivers Umberto Maglioli and Giancarlo Baghetti, and No. 30, bearing the blue-and-white racing colors of the U.S., entered by the Mecum Racing Team of Texas and driven by Britain's Graham Hill and Mexico's Pedro Rodriguez. "I



AND HAP SHARP WEAR VICTORY LEIS

don't know anything about the car," said Hill cryptically. "You'll have to ask someone else about that."

Someone else, a North American Racing Team mechanic, allowed as how it was a copy of a new 12-cylinder prototype that had raced at Daytona. Upon reflection, he said it was the same Daytona car. In practice, the car whined around Sebring's 5.2-mile course in 3 minutes 9 seconds. "We're not as quick as the others," said Hill. "We'll just have to rely on Ferrari's staying power."

Two white cars, sharp as creased Stetsons, were quicker than the Ferraris and everything else in practice, darting around the course together wing to wing as if fed on the juice of the Texas road-runner for which they are named. In one of these Chaparrals, Hill electrified the railbirds with a lap in 2:57.6—a time fully 8½ seconds below the existing record. Hap Sharp, his second driver and

continued



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MOTOR SPORTS continued

associate in the building of the Chaparral, did 3 minutes flat. The Chaparrals' quickness was partly due to sensationally low weight and gobs of power, partly to their supersecret automatic transmissions. Normally, a road-racing driver pumps clutch, brake and accelerator just as you or I would in an MG. But with Hall's Chaparrals the drivers use only the accelerator and brake pedals—almost as effortlessly as a man driving a '65 passenger car. Said Hall, "This makes driving much easier. We drivers will be in better shape at the end, which is always an advantage. I think these cars ought to win."

One man worrying more about the Chaparrals than the Ferraris was ubiquitous Carroll Shelby, builder of the Cobra roadsters and now boss of Ford's GT push. Dan Gurney in a Lotus-Ford gave Dearborn a powerful but potentially fragile entry in the unlimited sports car class. "Gurney should be right in there," said Shelby, "because his car is light and quick and because he's Gurney." The Chaparrals, he reasoned, might break down because the automatic transmission would not help the brakes slow the car and the brakes might not stand Sebring's pounding.

On race morning the sun was out clear and hot, and on the narrow entry roads racetracks crept trackward in as dense a traffic jam as Florida has seen. Many missed the Le Mans-style start—67 racing cars off and running in a fine tangle of their own. In the first hour the temperature rose from 80° to 88°. Car after car coughed into the pits, radiators sending up geysers. Up front, after a high-velocity dice with the Chaparral of Hall and Sharp, Gurney's Lotus-Ford moved off to an impressive lead. The track temperature at midday was 130°, and Gurney was steaming along 47 seconds in front of the Chaparral. Now the Ford GT driven by America's Phil Hill rocked into the pits with a broken suspension. Minutes later Ford suffered another blow. Gurney was abruptly out, and the Hall-Sharp Chaparral ahead to stay. "I was watching my oil-pressure gauge back there when suddenly it went whump," said Gurney.

Still, all was not entirely well with the Chaparrals. Driver Ronny Hissom pitted the mate to Hall's with a failing battery.

Shelby, a black cowboy hat pulled villainously down over his eyes, peered into the Chaparral pit to see if Hall's

continued

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mechanics could make repairs in time to keep the car competitive. They could not. But at the 4 p.m. halfway point the other Chaparral looked unbeatable. Spectators watched it go by with eyes glazed from following too many cars, their minds already numb from too much beer and too little shade.

Mecom's Ferrari was five laps behind the Chaparral. On the same lap lay the last Ford GT. If any of the big three were to crack, Ferrari looked the best back-stopped, with reserves in fifth and 10th places. Shelby's old reliable Cobra GTs were running strongly in seventh, eighth and ninth places.

At a quarter past 4 the Mecom Ferrari pitted, and the Ford GT moved up to second place. At 4:40 the Ford GT pitted and Ferrari regained second. Hall's Chaparral rolled smoothly in the lead. Then the rains came.

A raggedy black cloud had lurked for some time in the north. It burst, and in seconds the course in front of the pits became a canal. Cars in the back of the pack, hoping to regain some lost laps,

slogged on through, while a few of those in the front pitted, spluttering in with engines that were not overheating now but soaked. Spectators ran for cover. Track officials took off their shoes and waded. The entire race took on the atmosphere of a Gold Cup run with a load of sick-sounding entries. Unofficially, 50 cars remained on the course. Said Carroll Shelby of his Ford GT, "I wish I could turn the damn thing over and use it as a hydroplane." Hall, meanwhile, found that his low-slung Chaparral acted as a shovel, scooping up a torrent of water with its nose and dumping it into his lap.

At the height of the squall a Goodyear blimp parked in the airfield stood on its nose. It was quickly put back on an even keel by its ground crew. Shortly after 6 p.m. the Mecom Ferrari pitted for rain gear (four tires, a special rain windshield and wet weather specialist Rodriguez) but was never again a threat. Into third place went the private Ferrari driven by England's David Piper and South Africa's Tony Maggs.

With three hours to go, the storm blew over and the track dried off. By simply hanging together, American cars could, incredibly, seize the three major prizes. This they did. Despite rain, mud, floods, Ferraris and Fords, the Chaparral sailed in safe and strong in another downpour. It had traveled 1,019.2 miles—not a record, but the fault was the weather's, not the car's. In a sense, everyone was happy—save Ferrari. Shelby had a pair of winners: America's Ken Miles and New Zealand's Bruce McLaren, arriving first among prototype drivers in the GT. Jo Schlesser of France and Bob Bondurant of the U.S., first in the Grand Touring class in the fourth-place Cobra. Hall had his big winner. And Porsche was ecstatic because four Porsches finished in the top 10.

After a damp Miss Florida circled the winning drivers' necks with kumquat lers, Hall spoke cautiously of the future. "We've broken Ferrari's string here," he said, "but I don't think we've ended their domination." It was a rare beginning, though. Wow-ee!

END

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THEY ALL BOO WHEN RED SITS DOWN

BY GILBERT ROGIN

FRED KAPLAN

Auerbach's moods on the bench range from doubt to



Red Auerbach, the coach of the Boston Celtics, is by far the most successful coach in professional basketball, but away from home he incites a murderous rage when he takes his place on the bench

If, as many social psychologists contend, the incentive of a hostile crowd is an expression of a literally murderous impulse, Arnold (Red) Auerbach, the coach of the Boston Celtics, who this month seek their seventh consecutive world professional basketball championship, is the most frequently and diabolically murdered man in America.

Elias Canetti, the Bulgarian-born author, might be describing Auerbach's tormentors when he deals with what

he terms "the baiting crowd." Canetti writes in his *Crowds and Power*: "One important reason for the rapid growth of the baiting crowd is that there is no risk involved . . . because the crowd have immense superiority on their side. The victim can do nothing to them. . . . His permitted murder stands for all the murders people have to deny themselves for fear of the penalties for the perpetration. A murder shared with many others, which is not only safe and permitted,

but indeed recommended, is irresistible to the great majority of men."

When Auerbach recently appeared on *That Regis Philbin Show*, a television program, he was visibly taken aback by the warm reception the studio audience accorded him. "How come the people applauded?" he asked Philbin. "It makes me feel uneasy." Away from the Boston Garden, in what Auerbach calls "hostile territory," basketball fans react to his presence in much the same way. *continued*

anxious to outrage to speculation as he looks at the clock, to please it or Boston forces far ahead and, finally, to blast and the victory coach.



that sharks respond to even minute quantities of blood in the water. When Auerbach is introduced before a game he is invariably greeted with what has become known as a chorus of boos. Auerbach acknowledges these with a little, feckless wave. "What are you going to do?" he says. "A boo is a boo. Generally, you don't take the time to figure out what kind of a boo it is, whether it's a good-natured boo, for instance. It's a boo and the hell with it." When Auerbach wrathfully rises from the bench, a program rolled tightly in one hand, to take exception to an official's decision, the crowd becomes predictably frenzied, bloodthirsty and, in downtown Philadelphia, violent.

Auerbach never looks at his program. In 1946, when he started coaching professional basketball with the Washington Capitols, he found that after a game his knuckles were swollen from repeatedly pounding his fists, so he began using a program as a sort of pacifier. It has since become as much of a prop as the cigar he lights when he believes victory is assured—a ceremony that also inevitably enrages the fans.

"Years ago," says Auerbach, "when they [apparently the hierarchy of the National Basketball Association] were picking on me for a hundred different things, I tried to think of something to aggravate them. They were abusing me. I lighted a cigar all of a sudden. I got a note: 'It doesn't look good for you to smoke cigars on the bench.' I told them I'd stop when the other coaches stopped smoking cigarettes. By then I liked the idea, and the people from Blackstone wanted me to endorse their cigar. Some of the coaches got aggravated. They thought I was lordling it over them. The cigar is a sign of relaxation. The cigarette is a sign of tension. I explained to them that it was an endorsement, that I get money and all the cigars I can smoke. That calmed them down. Why stop a guy from making a buck? However, the fans think this is a major thing."

When the Celtics are losing, there are always half a dozen creeps chattering monotonously: "Hey, Red, where's the cigar, skin head?" One day last month when Auerbach was in Burlington, Vt.

to address the Ethan Allen Club, one of its members buttonholed him. "Remember me?" he said. "I'm the guy who took the cigar from your wife and handed it to you four minutes before the end of the sixth playoff game against St. Louis in 1958." Says Auerbach: "The image of this cigar is unbelievable. A guy in Quincy, Mass. won the \$1,000 first prize from the Cigar Institute of America for a photograph of me blowing smoke."

In the past 19 years, the last 15 of which he has spent with the Celtics, Auerbach has been the object of more tangible indications of the crowd's displeasure than boos. He has been hit with everything from peanuts (aimed at his bald spot) to right hands to, on the infrequent occasions when he has retaliated, assault actions—what he refers to, almost fondly, as "my suits." Says Auerbach: "A lot of people feel a ticket gives them a license to berate you. A coach should have the right to be unmolested. It's murderous."

"Basketball is a game of high emotion," Auerbach says. "In my house I don't go around yelling, blowing my top, losing my temper. Home is a different world, a different game." Auerbach resents the suggestion that his irascibility is ever feigned. "It's all realistic," he says. "If this is an act, I'd be an actor. I wouldn't be a coach. You pick your spots to this extent: you must control yourself. If you yell all the time, no one listens. Some coaches started to imitate me, but they felt I did it all the time. Not so. They're getting smarter now. They're starting to pace themselves. It's not a technique. It's a reaction. That's why I can't eat before a game. It's a plain, physiological thing. After you eat, you sit down. What happens? You go to sleep. Who are the most dangerous people? Animals. A hungry tiger. Not a starving tiger, a hungry tiger."

Auerbach has fallen asleep on the bench, but not from satiety. Once, in 1949, when he was coaching Tri-Cities, he took Dramamine to avoid getting carsick en route to a game, and later found he was unable to keep his eyes open. "I didn't make any substitutions

the whole first half," he recalls vaguely. Auerbach is very big on naps. He has learned that stewardesses are not. "Imagine waking someone out of a sound sleep to ask them if they want a pillow," he says.

Auerbach counts on his naps to keep him going. "I've never taken sleeping pills, vitamins or tranquilizers," he says. "I don't average one aspirin a month. Every once in a while I'll have a doctor check my blood pressure. By the time I walk from the bench to the locker room, I'm normal. People say to me, 'Why don't you go to Florida, relax, be in the sun, get a little tan?' I can't relax. What do I need a tan for? I look good."

Auerbach usually eats delicatessen (Hebrew National is after him to endorse its hot dogs) or Chinese. He goes for chicken wings and oyster sauce, lobster in meat sauce and steamed fish with wine sauce and almonds. When Auerbach recently stated that Boston had better Chinese restaurants than San Francisco, he was blasted in the press. "For what I like," Auerbach insists, "I'm no Danny Kaye. The guy cooks Chinese food. What does he need? Special kitchens? The neighbors' permission? I don't have the time. Mostly I heat it." For a while Auerbach had a piece of a Chinese restaurant in Boston. "The joint was mismanaged," he says. Auerbach likes delicatessen when he is on the road. "You get tired of going out," he says, "sitting down, the soup, the meat, two vegetables." Auerbach does not eat eggs or drink coffee. For breakfast he may have a hot dog and the first of the 10 Cokes he consumes daily.

During the basketball season Auerbach lives in a corner suite on the ninth floor of the Hotel Lenox in Boston's Back Bay. His wife, Dorothy, his two girls, Nancy, 19, and Randy, 13, and his two boxers stay at home in Washington, D.C. "My family is very fortunate," Auerbach says. "They escape the brunt of the great many changes in my emotions." Over Auerbach's bed in the Lenox are two prints depicting an angelic boy and girl; the boy is wearing a sailor suit and holding a sailboat. "What pictures?" Auerbach says. "I don't even know they're there." By his

continued

A close-up photograph of a man's torso and arm, wearing a teal-colored polo shirt. The shirt has a full-fashioned collar with a visible button. The fabric appears to be a knit material with some texture. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

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bed is a carton full of Argyle socks. "I'm throwing them out," Auerbach says. "Willie Naulls [the Celtics' forward], my sartorial adviser, says they're out-of-date."

On his mantelpiece, alongside bottles of Chinese noodles and specimens from his collection of 500 letter openers, are jars of nuts. "I'm a great eater of nuts," Auerbach said the other day. "Dr. Paul Dudley White is also a great believer in nuts. We had a conversation in a plane once about our great affinities for nuts. At present I got the shorts. My pumpkin seeds are out. Just the other day I ran out of pistachios and Indian nuts. I got duplicates of these at home and away. All I have now is paper-thin almonds and sunflower seeds—what some people call polly seeds. For a change of pace, I sometimes buy some chiches. A lot of these things come salted and unsalted. I eat them unsalted. I also eat all kinds of candy. I just finished my last coconut-covered marshmallow."

Auerbach gets much of his candy from H. W. Powers, a company which makes most of the nation's fruit slices, and one of Auerbach's accounts. For the past 12 years Auerbach has been a salesman for Cellu-Craft, a flexible packaging concern that manufactures everything from Jell-O bags to Kool-Pop wrappers. "A long time ago I felt my entire income depended on basketball," Auerbach says. "This was a situation which could lead to overcoaching—being so obsessed with the job it takes you over—which is just as bad as undercoaching. I said to myself, I have two degrees [a B.S. in physical education and an M.A. in education from George Washington], but I'm a narrow man. I was at the mercy of other people. I was dealing in a game of touch—the ability to put a ball in a hole. Why should I bank everything on whether a guy has the touch on certain days? Let's be honest—I can't direct the flight of the ball." As Bill Russell, the captain of the Celtics, said in the Boston dressing room the other night, "Red can say he made you, but he can't put that ball in the hoop." "But I pay you," said Auerbach, pointedly.

Auerbach has not punched anyone in the mouth this season, and so far the NBA has only fined him around \$1,000, which is well below his league-leading average. "My image has changed," Auerbach says. "There's more to this than a loudmouth, raving guy. I have built up a reputation of saying what I believe. I'm not always right, but at least it's what I believe. People are very curious to know what I'm like off court. Am I articulate? Am I sociable? I'm not an easy man to be friendly with. I'm not a hail-fellow-well-met. I'm a good friend and a good enemy. You mellow with age. Once I was younger, tougher, meaner." According to Jim Loscutt, who played for the Celtics for eight years, Auerbach told him one time, "If you get obnoxious you build incentive."

"This year Red's mellowed in his dealings with the referees," says Tommy Heinsohn, the oldest Celtic in point of service. "There are a lot of young refs, and I think Red figured these guys are all new guys, so there's no sense getting on them, getting them rattled."

"Study the official's personality. Decide your attitude on this basis." This is a quotation from *Basketball for the Player, the Fan and the Coach* by Arnold (Red) Auerbach, a book that has sold 600,000 copies, not counting the Russian, Polish and Italian editions. For the most part, it is a first-rate presentation of such subjects as "How to Play the Pivot," but Auerbach doesn't really hit his stride until page 189 and the chapter headed "Individual and Team Strategy." Herein he lists "57 Strategic Moves," which he prefaces with this disclaimer: "How many of these you consider ethical or unethical depends entirely on your organization. I am merely listing them as things that can happen." Among the possible moves are:

- When a player notices an official's indecision as to an out-of-bounds ball, he should run over and pick it up with the full confidence that it is his.
- If the opposing team has a high scorer, keep reminding the other players of their uselessness because the scorer takes all the shots.
- Grabbing or pulling the pants or shirt of the opponent can be very aggravating.

continued



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AUERBACH *continues*

- When the other team is given possession of the ball from an official's decision, don't throw the ball directly to an opponent. The ball should be thrown rather slowly to the official. This will give your men time to get set on defense.
- Place the scorer's and timer's table near your bench.
- Wait until the other team has started warming up and then request their basket. This request must be honored away from home.

For those who have never had the privilege of hearing an Auerbach performance from the bench (and vicinity), the following is (exclusive! live! in black and white!) a verbatim account of same during the first quarter of the game of March 5 at Baltimore, in which the Celtics were outscored 37-27:

Just before the referee was about to throw the ball up for the center jump, Auerbach stood up and said: "I think the visiting team ought to pick the ball. I don't want to say anything, but it's the way it's supposed to be."

"Walking!"

"Whatya got?"

"Look at 'em holding 'em!"

"Goddam!" (He stamped his foot, and then slumped back, in evident agony, as though a Jivaro seated in the balcony had hit him with a poisoned dart.)

"One!" (This is one of the Celtics' seven basic plays, of which there are 28 variations.)

"Buddy! Russell!" (Auerbach had noticed Russell limping and was calling this to the attention of the Boston trainer, Buddy LeRoux.)

"What are you going to do?"

"Give it to Satch! Too late." (Satch is Forward Tom Sanders.)

"Don't foul 'em! Five on us!"

"How about the push?"

"Hey, hey, the foul's on Howell!"

(Auerbach smote the adjoining press table a terrific blow with his right fist, got up and, head thrust forward, purpling, stalked along the press table to the official scorer.)

Alas, Auerbach did not have any of his notorious confrontations with the officials. Tommy Heinsohn's favorite is this bizarre exchange that ended a discussion between Auerbach and Sid Bor-

continued



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gia, now the NBA supervisor of officials. Auerbach: Borgia, if you didn't have that whistle, you wouldn't have a nickel.

Borgia: If you didn't marry money, you'd be nothing.

Auerbach: What do you mean? She didn't have a nickel!

This year Red Auerbach was one of 10 recipients of the Boston Medal for Distinguished Achievement; the other medals were awarded to six Nobel Prize winners, Richard Rodgers, Arthur Fiedler and Charles A. Coolidge, an attorney. Auerbach ranks this award as one of the chief "thrills" of his life. Among the others are the publication of his first article, *Indoor Obstacle Courses*, which appeared in the May 1943 issue of *The Journal of Health and Physical Education*, the night the St. Louis Hawks gave him a tea set to commemorate the thousandth game he coached ("They had always booed me resoundingly in St. Louis," says Auerbach with feeling); and the day in 1960 when a stranger approached him and said he had always remembered the lecture on *The Potential Limit* Auerbach delivered at Roosevelt High School in Washington in 1941. "He was Lee Pogostin, the TV writer," Auerbach says. "A C student, a very obscure-type kid at the time."

After Auerbach received the Boston Medal, he said, "I don't know where they got my name. They must be giving it to me because I can go to my left. I certainly can't do anything else." Auerbach is not only without rival as a basketball coach, no one in any of the other major team sports has ever come close to matching his remarkable record. The only NBA marks left for Auerbach to break are those held by Auerbach. This year, for example, the Celtics won 62 games out of 80, to surpass the record of 60 set by the Celtics in 1961-62. In 1946 the Capitols won 17 games in a row, a feat duplicated by the Celtics in 1959-60. Auerbach's teams have won seven world championships, nine divisional titles and failed to make the playoffs only once. At the beginning of the current season Auerbach had a career record of 822 wins and 435 losses; the

overall total for the eight other NBA coaches was 820 and 831. He has coached the East team in the annual NBA All-Star Game for nine years, but until this year had never been voted Coach of the Year. Last season Auerbach was tied for third with Charley Wolf, who formerly coached Detroit, which is certainly a record for infantilism on the part of the sportswriters who did the selecting.

Auerbach's preeminence as a coach has been attributed to many factors, but Lescutoff and Heinsohn single out his relationship—or, rather, the deliberate lack of it—with his players' wives. "His whole theory behind basketball is never get too close to the wives," Lescutoff says. "It's the smartest move the man ever made," says Heinsohn. "Nothing can ruin a team more than 10 wives who love their husbands and think they're the greatest." Says Auerbach, "I'm on a hello basis with the wives. I never go to anyone's house for dinner. You can't become emotionally involved and then be impartial. It breeds discontent, jealousy, and who needs it?"

Auerbach has often said that he runs the Celtics like a dictatorship. "It's a dictatorship with compassion," he explains. "I don't think I'm a dictator to the extent that I'm never wrong. The thing I've got to watch is being carried away with my own importance. You're dealing with a game where everybody wants to be heard, to go down in history. A man thinks he's infallible, he's ridiculous. I admit it if I've had a bad day on the bench. You let them know you're human, too, that you can't be up for 80 games. Otherwise how can you keep patting them on the back?"

"But I don't believe in electing a team captain, for instance. I appoint one. I don't take any chances. And I'm not having a group discussion when I get a point across. I'm not really interested in gripes, either. This isn't a union. Contrary to popular belief, I'm not explosive with my players. I concede that a lot of the rookies are awed by me. I watch it. Every once in a while I bring them inside and talk to them, but you can overtalk just like you can overcoach.

"A lot of coaches have to prove they're the boss. They get their teams so emo-

continued

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tionally hopped up that, while they'll hustle and fight off the boards, they won't take the shot and they'll throw the ball away. They keep looking at the coach! I can't stand a halfplayer who plays in fear. Any fellow who has a good shot has got to take it and keep taking it. So he moves. So what."

"You can make a thousand mistakes as long as you hustle," says Heinsohn. "The guys know they're not going to be rushed out the door when they make a mistake. The reason Red's been so successful is that he's always the boss. But he's not a know-it-all and he's always open to suggestions. You've got to earn his friendship. He doesn't get friendly with a guy until the guy knows Red's the boss. Red's got a heart as big as a grapefruit. All this Leo Durocher stuff. Baloney! He's soft."

"He's a man hardened by his environment," says Mel Counts, the Celtics' rookie forward "but he also has a lot of heart. He likes to feel he's the boss, that he's important, but Red'll surprise you sometimes. He'll be generous, helpful, not gruff like a bear. He's not consistent. He's complimented me on the fine games I've had but, of course, they were quite obvious. He's kind of like the captain of a ship. You can't get too close to the captain, yet you can ask questions, but you feel uneasy. Sometimes he'll say things to see how you'll react, like it's a game. He's sarcastic. Sometimes he offends my intelligence. You have a little pride, a little dignity yourself. I don't think man was put on the earth to be abused. There's a time to stand on your own two feet. I like Red, but I don't understand him."

"As soon as I retire, I said to myself, I'm going to belt Red," Jim Loscutoff, who now coaches at Boston State, said one day last month, "but I admired the guy. I respected the guy. He's a fantastic guy. I learned a lot about psychology from Red. He knows exactly what to say to each ballplayer. He knows you can't say anything derogatory to Russell because he'll pout. You couldn't criticize Cousy or Ramsey, either. We could be losing a game by eight points and nobody would be doing anything wrong but Heinsohn and Loscutoff. Auerbach

and Russell get along because each knows just what kind of a guy the other is. Russell knows Auerbach isn't a person who would appreciate being stepped on. I learned a lot from him. I find myself using a lot of his terminology."

"Poor kids," said Loscutoff's wife. "Like my wife would say," Loscutoff said, "Red's a diamond in the rough."

"In fact," said Mrs. Loscutoff, "Red's wife told me that."

"When you get down to serious coaching, Red's the best," says Bill Russell. "He's versatile, intelligent, astute, flexible and he has me on the team. He's made the most out of it. He's getting the maximum out of me. In order to be successful, you've got to believe in yourself, which is commonly known as egotism. Red's an egotist, just like me. He's a human being. He has his successes and his failures. He keeps his failures to a minimum—he tries to get along with me."

"I admire Russell because he's smart enough to understand me," Auerbach says. Indeed, the maintenance of the sometimes strained symbiosis of Auerbach and Russell is, by and large, responsible for the Celtics' good fortune. Auerbach had never won a championship until Russell joined the Celtics late in 1956, and of the 19 games Russell has missed during the past nine years, Boston has won only six.

Arnold Auerbach was born in Brooklyn 47 years ago. He is called Red because, as he explains, 1,673 times a year, in a bygone era he had abundant auburn hair. Auerbach went to Eastern District High School in Brooklyn, where he was president of the student body. "I was no brain," he says. "I had no ability. It was a popularity contest." In his senior year Auerbach made the All-Brooklyn second team in basketball. His record of this honor never fails to break up the Celtics—which, in turn, enrages Auerbach. "We got more high school kids in Brooklyn than most of you guys have in your whole state," he says.

At George Washington, Auerbach was the leading scorer in the metropolitan Washington area, with a 10.6 average, another achievement that greatly

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AUERBACH *continued*

amuses the Celtics. "Through the years, I've been one of the three or four best shooters on the Celtics," he says. Auerbach was subsequently a high school gym teacher and basketball coach, a college referee, a member of the physical education staff at Duke and a physical rehabilitation officer in the Navy.

Auerbach is a true believer in fundamentals, by which he may mean spending half an hour demonstrating the proper way to throw a rock into a wastebasket. "Do I heave it underhand? If so, why? Should I put this foot forward or this one? Or should I stand with both feet together?" Or, on a slightly higher level: "You've got a basketball. It's round. The floor's even. If you bounce it, it's going to come up straight. You don't have to watch it. One of the most important things in basketball is the position of the head. The game is not played there," he says, indicating the floor. "It's played up there!"

Additional Auerbach aphorisms:

- Never bounce the ball without a purpose.
- Remember that passing is the fastest method of advancing the ball.
- If a pass is not caught it is almost always the fault of the guy who threw it.
- When a man has the ball, watch his hips. He can't go anywhere without them.
- Never rest on defense.
- You've got to have your best shooter shoot more, but the others have to shoot enough.

Auerbach is a great advocate of the balanced team. "That's where a lot of coaches make a lot of mistakes," he says. "They use their five best players, not the five who are going to win. Sometimes you have to pick a player for balance but, of course, sometimes balance shmaalance. I've generally had one or two men on my team who had terrific desire or attitude—Bob Brannum, Jim Loscutt. 'This is your job,' I'd tell them. 'Just do this and you're an important part of the ball club.' You play this game with one ball, not five balls. Oftentimes you keep a player like Loscutt off rather than one with more ability who would sulk if he wasn't playing all the time. Someone with less ability or

continued

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AUERBACH *continued*

an oldtimer understands. That's why I've had such success with oldtimers. Amie Risen, Andy Phillip, Clyde Lovellette, Carl Braun, John McCarthy—you could reason with them."

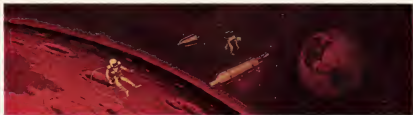
As a consequence, Auerbach has little use for statistics. "I go by what I see," he says. "I'll be interested in statistics when they show me how they can measure intestinal fortitude, coming through in the clutch." When Auerbach recently asked his friend Allie Sherman, the coach of the New York Giants, why he had traded So-and-so, Sherman offered to show him moves that demonstrated the player was a half step slower. Auerbach wouldn't buy it. "If I'm an egotist," he says, "it's because I go by what I see. We pay our boys on the basis of performance, not statistics. Too many points are gotten when they don't count, in what we call 'garbage-up time.'"

"I can show you a guy with 16 points, 15 rebounds, 10 assists and he was —. He threw the ball away, he wasn't running fast, he was showing me false hustle, he took bad shots, he messed up the good ones, his defense was bad, he did nothing in the clutch. When you can measure these, I'm interested."

At 6:15 one night last month, Auerbach stood in Convention Hall in Philadelphia rapily watching a preliminary game between the Philadelphia Athletics Club and the Reading Knights. The hall was almost empty; the Celtics-76ers game wasn't until 8:30. "I always like to get the feel of the joint," Auerbach explained, sort of. "I like to get the feel of the locker room. Nothing specific—just the feel."

Auerbach is continually looking at basketball games. That afternoon he had sat in his room in the Sheraton Motor Inn, watching a televised game between Georgetown and Manhattan. "You can't see their sizes," Auerbach said. "All you can see is pattern, a few individual moves, and you enjoy yourself. You see that kid dropping back—ridiculous. . . . Nice move. . . . Foul on No. 3. Oh, he called a jump. Lucky kid. . . . Nothing. . . . They're standing around a little too much. . . . Beautiful play, that

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Chlupa. . . He should have passed that, then gotten it back. He would have gotten it down quicker. . . See, he looked up. That's what you watch."

The Celtics have no formal scouting system. Auerbach, with an occasional assist from one of his loyal old players, is just about it. "I got to be realistic," he said. "I got ninth choice. There's no point me looking at a Bradley." Although Boston has had last pick in the player draft for the past eight years, they have drafted such stars as Sam Jones, Tom Sanders and John Havlicek.

"Right now I can't visualize I can do better than my three rookies this year," Auerbach said. "They were ninth, 18th and 27th choices, and they stayed with my championship ball club. I did make a slight mistake with Willis Reed. [Reed was picked 10th by New York and was runner-up in the Rookie of the Year voting.] I saw him play once and he didn't do too much. That brings out my theory—you got to see them twice."

Auerbach then began to brood about the two straight losses the Celtics had suffered; he said he was finding it hard to keep the team up since they had clinched the Eastern Division title. "They're getting a little careless," he said. "Now's the time to lower the boom, but how can you? Now's the time to open your heart." He considered calling a practice for the following morning. One of Auerbach's rules is that a player must attend a practice even if he says he doesn't feel well enough to participate. Auerbach learned that trick as a high school gym teacher. He found that there were fewer excuses if he made every boy take a shower whether or not he actually took gym. Auerbach also forbids his players to eat pancakes. "We all have our peculiarities," he says. "One morning, I caught Sam Jones eating pancakes. 'Well, that bite cost you five dollars,' I said. 'What's your next move?'" And Auerbach disapproves of his players drinking whiskey. "If they're in a cocktail lounge and there are glasses of ginger ale in front of them, I fine them right away. I can't taste every drink. Let them drink beer!" Auerbach has no curfew, however. As Tommy Heinsohn says, "If you have a curfew, it makes it

continued

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Stage Center for the Heavyweights

The drama knew it was in a fight when Sullivan made an entrance—and when Jim Corbett (left) struck an attitude, he sent it down for the count

by THOMAS F. MOORE



Nowadays when a hover makes it big he is lucky if he gets to take a bow on *The Ed Sullivan Show*. Around the turn of the century, however, top fighters gathered in money by the fistful appearing on the stage as performers in plays. Perhaps the best of the lot was the handsome, mannered James J. Corbett. Gentleman Jim liked acting and was intellectually ambitious about it, playing—for instance—the title role in *Cashel Byron's Profession*, adapted from one of George Bernard Shaw's early novels.

The first of the bruiser-emoters was John L. Sullivan who, in such epics as *Honest Hearts and Willing Hands*, used a method of acting a lot simpler than Stanislavski's and a lot louder than that of the Actors Studio. John L. would stand up to audiences and yell the lines like a saloon fighter bawling that he could whip anybody in the house who was man enough to step outside.

Sullivan's roaring style was plausible because the vehicles written for him required little subtlety of characterization. In addition to the works tailored for him, he once played Simon Legree in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. John L. renamed the melodrama *Me and the Bloodhounds*. Chasing Eliza possibly involved his first encounter with ice, for he normally preferred everything straight.

Other fighters followed Sullivan on the boards. Bob Fitzsimmons toured in something titled *A Fight for His Life* before settling down with his fourth wife and becoming an evangelist. Jim Jeffries had a go in a semihistorical tour de force named *Davy Crockett*. But it was Corbett, Sullivan's conqueror, who scored the greatest triumphs on the stage. *Cashel Byron's Profession* brought together two obsessive drives: Corbett's determination to be known as a leading actor rather than a fighter and Shaw's appetite for royalties.

From the very beginning, Corbett considered boxing mere advertising for his acting. He once said, "I want to reach the point where people will turn around and say, 'There goes Jim Corbett, the actor,' not, 'There goes Jim Corbett, the prizefighter.'" The social theme of *Cashel Byron* appealed to Corbett, for in it a despised fighter rises above his station by wooing a society lady. Corbett often compared his stage talent with that of such greats as John Drew and Richard Mansfield.

Shortly after Corbett won the heavyweight championship from Sullivan in 1892, he appeared in *Gentleman Jack*, written by his manager and a collaborator. Corbett portrayed a college youth, saddled with a convict father and falsely accused of a crime himself, who wins a

championship fight against one of his detractors. Other plays manufactured for Corbett were *A Naval Cadet*, *Puh and After Dark*, the last subtitled obscurely, *Neither Maid, Wife or Widow*. Boxing became a poor second to acting in Corbett's life. He gave up the championship to Fitzsimmons in 1897 and was beaten by Fitz's successor, Jeffries, in 1900 and 1903. By 1906, Corbett had completely lost his taste for the ring and found George Bernard Shaw.

G.B.S. discovered prizefighting in England in 1882 when it was still illegal. After attending his first clandestine fight, he said cynically of the buffs, "Anyone with a sense of comedy must find the arts of self-defense delightful (for a time) through their pedantry, their quackery, and their action and reaction between amateur romantic illusion and professional eye to business." He scoffed at the professed admiration for boxing techniques and went on, "The spectators did not want to see skill defeating violence: they wanted to see violence drawing blood and pounding its way to a savage and exciting victory in the shortest possible time."

Despite this ridicule, Shaw saw in the sport a platform for controversy, and he wrote the novel that was to become Corbett's vehicle. In it Shaw wanted to know why the law permitted vivisection and

continued

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Stage Center continues

other bloodletting and banned prize-fighting. In an afterpiece to his dramatization of the novel he deplored the knockout but remarked: "It is only fair to add that it has not been proved that any permanent injury to the brain results from it. In any case the brain, as English society is at present constituted, can hardly be considered a vital organ."

As a clothesline on which to hang his social dissertations, he concocted a plot in which a professional fighter (Cashel), training near the mansion of a regal lady (Lydia Carew), wins her affections in competition with a Member of Parliament and her enamored brother.

Some years after writing the novel, G. B. S. got wind of a plan to dramatize it in the U.S. In order to protect his copyright Shaw hastily wrote a flimsy new adaptation, by his own admission borrowing freely from Shakespeare and Marlowe.

When another American version, to be fashioned for Corbett, was proposed, Shaw consented to the deal, for his rights were now secure. Corbett and Shaw soon composed an international mutual admiration society. Corbett thought that some of the things G. B. S. wrote were "brilliant" and added that he had got a laugh out of *Man and Superman*. Shaw, who had never seen Corbett either as fighter or actor, was all for him because he paid his royalties in advance. During rehearsal Corbett began to construe an analogy between his own life and that of Cashel—a man looked down upon because he was a fighter. Corbett told an interviewer, "I sacrificed what little social standing I had—everything, in fact. My father wouldn't speak to me for three months afterward." His father ran a lovely stable.

The play had its premiere at Daly's, New York's most fashionable theater, on January 8, 1906. Asked in his dressing room if the highbred audience would frighten him, Corbett said, "If a fellow can keep his head in the ring, with a lot of madmen yelling at him, he ought to be able to keep it at Daly's."

The first act went well. There were some gasps when Corbett appeared nude from the waist up, daring for Lydia's, Lydia, the society lady, seemed to like what she saw. She also admired the manly way in which Corbett got at the core of their romance: "If I can't have the satisfaction of marrying you, I may as well have the satisfaction of staying. I'd

like to." The final curtain came down to spirited applause. Most of the critics were kind to Corbett.

However, there was only one really knowledgeable critic on hand, the "gentleman on the aisle" for the *New York American*. This was Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, who later that year disputed the claim to Jeffries' vacated heavyweight title with rival Tommy Burns.

Philadelphia Jack had a knack for dramatic fiction himself. He originally made his name by knocking out a bunch of stumblers in England and cabling back glowing reports to the U.S. He built himself up into such an attraction that, when he returned, he dictated terms to promoters and selected his own opponents. These he even rehearsed to make their fights exciting—an anticipation of the imaginative ways of modern professional wrestling.

O'Brien wrote of the Corbett play, "Nothing since my recent victory over kinko Bob Fitzsimmons gave me greater pleasure than to witness the plunge of my old friend, Jim Corbett, into the legitimate. My greatest ambition in life is to knock out Jim Corbett, but I want to do that knocking in the ringside. If I attempted to knock his histrionic abilities, I would be unfit for the task. Jim is a natural horn actor. . . . The story of the play is one that interested me perhaps more than any person in the house. It portrays the humiliation that a pugilist is confronted with when he attempts to lead a quiet social life." The critic had just been thrown out of the Waldorf and Netherland hotels for creating disturbances. "The plot hinges on his [Cashel's] accidental acquaintance with a rich society girl while he is training for a fight. If the lady had been at all wise she could have tumbled to the fact that he was a prizefighter right away. He shifted his feet and clinched his fists which, by the way, was a time when he should have been trying not to show the fact. . . . Having been obliged to leave at the end of the second act to cover an engagement, I don't know how he made out with the rich society girl but it's dollars to doughnuts from the way he was progressing with the love affair that he captured her."

Philadelphia Jack did have another "engagement." As were most of his colleagues, he was an actor, too. He had to hurry off to fulfill a booking at a nearby burlesque house.

END

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BIRMINGHAM—Four unofficial world titles were seized at the All-England Badminton Championships in London. ERICA AND KOPPE of Denmark won the men's singles, LESULA SMITH of Britain the women's singles, MRS. ULFA RASMUSSEN STRAND and her sister, MRS. KAREN JORGENSEN, both of Denmark, took the women's doubles, while the Malaysian team of NG DOON SEE and TAN YEE KIAN won the men's.

BASKETBALL—Both third-place teams led after the three games of the NBA's opening-round playoffs. PHILADELPHIA defeated CINCINNATI 118-111 in the first game on the Royals' court and again in the third 108-94, as Hal Greiner scored a total of 47 points. The Royals won the second game 121-120. BALTIMORE was no opener 108-105, but ST. LOUIS came back in the second 102-103, and in the third game the Badgers put on a 47-point second-half show to win 131-99. The Badgers and the Stars ended only one victory each to qualify for the division finals against Los Angeles and Boston. BILL RUSSELL of the Celtics was voted Outstanding Player for the fourth time in five years, while WILLIS REED of the Knicks was chosen as Rookie of the Year. WILF CHAMBERLAIN took the league scoring title for the sixth straight time. His average was 38.7 points per game. In his coverage of accuracy 510 in six years of NBA play (444 games) Chamberlain has never scored out, another record. Taps in retirement was RICHARD LARRY COSTELLO of the 76ers led in free throws, while Oscar Robertson had the most assists.

The WEST was what might be called a split decision over the East in the first annual National Association of Basketball Coaches All-Star Game in Lexington, Ky. Sparked by North Carolina's Billy Carrington, the East won 68-59 in the second half when Carrington ripped the waist of his pants and had to retire for repairs. The West, led by Gail Goodrich of UCLA and Elvin Robinson of Wyoming, took charge, and by the time Carrington reappeared his team was behind by eight. Final score: 67-54.

BOWLING—The U.S. senior medalist at St. Louis making at the Tokyo Olympics, JACK STILAR of Chicago, won the St. Louis classic championship in Niagara, B.W.I., with two firsts, two seconds and a third in the five-game series. E. W. (Skip) Griffith of Old Greenwich, Conn. was second, and St. Louis' gold medal winner (Edward) Knowles of Niagara was third.

BOWLING—BILL ALLEN of Orlando, Fla., rolled five strikes in his final match against Nelson Burton Jr. of St. Louis to win the PBA's \$32,500 Buffalo Brawl in Manassas, N.Y., by a score of 206-190.

BOWLING—DANNY GONZALES, of the world's second-ranked heavyweight, won a unanimous decision over

ninth-ranked Galester Origen of Mexico in a 10-round match in Houston.

GOLF—A 66-to-60 sudden-death playoff, the second longest in the history of the PGA, ended in victory for DICK RABEN, a club pro from Riverside, Ill., who he parred his bid hole at the Audelia Course in Wilmington, N.C., while Phil Rodgers, who had led one hole halfway through the last round, missed the green, chipped to within four feet, then missed the par putt. The two had finished regular play with 2766 for 72 holes.

HANDBALL—The U.S. four-wall handball singles championship, held this year on the University of Texas' new glass-enclosed court, was won for the sixth time by JIMMY JACOBBS of New York, who defeated David Graybill of Phoenix, Ariz. 21-12, 21-11 in the final match.

HOCKEY—DETROIT capped its last-season rush by beating the Rangers 7-4 to clinch the NHL title. It was the Red Wings' 13th victory in 16 games. Al Detenreco scored three goals—his second hat trick in 15 seasons—and Norm Ullman scored twice, bringing his total to 42. The Red Wings finished the season, their first championship season since 1956-57, with a 40-21-5 record. While the Wings along with MONTREAL (38-23-11), CHICAGO (34-28-8) and TORONTO (30-36-14) got ready for the Stanley Cup playoffs, NEW YORK (28-38-12) and BOSTON (21-43-6) sat back to watch.

HOCKEY—JAY TRUMP, 6-year-old, boy, getting blind in Pennsylvania, ridden by Crompton (Tony) Smith, an amateur player from Middleburg, Va., won England's Grand National Saddle-chase (page 24).

AMPOKE (318-40), who joined the handball ranks only two weeks ago, came from behind to win the \$11,000 California Park Handicap, beating one-up-play Tornado by three quarters of a length. Gene Bow was third, Candy Spots eighth and last.

Brandale Farn's MARIBEAU (\$53,801) recorded his third victory in four starts when he won \$18,375 Fountain of Youth Stakes at Gulfstream Park, 2 1/4 lengths ahead of Hal to All and four lengths in front of favored Sparkling Jetway.

WATER SPORTS—A Chevrolet-sponsored Chevrolet leads and driven by JIM HALL and HARVEY of Midland, Texas came through heat, rain and darkness at Sebring, Fla. (page 57) to win the 12-hour endurance race. Four laps ahead, the Grand Touring prototype driven by Bruce McLaren and Ken Miles.

SWIMMING—The NCAA championship, held this year at Washington's arena, ended, Crystal Mountain, was won by Willy Scherzer's DENVER UNIVER-

SITY squad with 380.5 points to second-place Utah University's 378.4. MIKE ELLIOTT of Pe. Lewis J.A.M. College in Shawnee, Colo., won the men's mile cross-country in 35:36. RICK CHAFFERS, Denver University sophomore, took the distance and BILL MARSHALL of Colorado, who had taken on both ends of the station, won the downhill. ERIK JENSEN of Denver captured the jumping on a 25-meter hill with jumps of 172, 162 and 149 feet. U.S.A.'s surprising second-place finish was the result of second and third place earned by Frithjof Prydz and Maart Jansen in the jump-off event.

ADRIEN DUVALARD of France won the Stratton Cup at Stratton Mt., Vt., the final event of the U.S. pro season. Duvalard's time for two 50-gate slalom runs was 2:18.52. Women's purse, \$2,900.

Varing teams from France and Austria swept the slopes of Sun Valley, Idaho during in April's Harriman Cup races. KARE SCHWABE of Austria was the downhill and was third in the slalom. The head winner MICHEL ARPIN of France to take the men's combined title. MARCELLE GOSSEL of France won the women's downhill and slalom. The best Austrian performance was Axel Saubert's second in the slalom, 1.03 seconds behind

SWIMMING—Despite the new scoring system (page 17), USC defended its NCAA title successfully for the second time with a 383-point total in Ames, Iowa, a victory that was not decided until the final event was completed. The Trojan led Indiana by half a point going into the 400-yard freestyle relay. Yale won the race, setting an American record of 3:07.2, but USC finished third in Indiana's event and that was enough. BOB SAAB, who won three titles for USC last year was a triple winner again in the 200, 500, and 1,600-yard freestyle. In the men's one-hundred yard freestyle relay, the 16-20. The double winners were FRED SCHMIDT of Indiana (100- and 200-yard freestyle), KEN SITZ of USC (100- and 200-yard freestyle), and STEVE CLARK of Yale (100- and 200-yard freestyle) and GARY DELLEY of Michigan State (100- and 200-yard freestyle). In 17 events, 10 American, and NCAA and 10 meet records were broken.

WRESTLING—Oklahoma State led by 22 points going into the championship round of the NCAA tournament in Laramie, Wyo. (page 47). Furthermore, State had five men competing, while second-place IOWA STATE had only two. But both Iowa freshmen was, and that, combined with no third places, gave the Cyclones the team title by one point over State, the defending champion.

MILFOOTS—ELEVATED At the end of a 30-year career playing high school, college and pro football, JESSE RICHARDSON, tackle for the Boston Patriots of the AFL, since 1962, to post of defensive line coach.

CREDITS

4—Tony Tronto, 24-25—Ray Wolfe Jr. 26—Catal Tronto 28-28—Tony Tronto (3, upstart); Ray Wolfe Jr. 24-39—Ray Wolfe Jr. 40—George Long 41—Nelson 67—Jack Steady & George Long 92-93—Walter Jones 121—Juliana Wynne-Cindarella (6) & Ben Tison, Charleston News & Courier, Inc. (page 10).

IN THE CROWD



BOB HOUNSFIELD, North Carolina State swimmer, set two NCAA freshman marks in one day at the University of North Carolina freshman invitational championships in Chapel Hill. He swam the 500-yard freestyle in 5:00.2, the 1650-yard freestyle in 17:28.2.



SUZANNE VENNING, College of Charleston (S.C.) freshman, the first girl in the school's history named to the varsity tennis team, helped the Maroon to their 13th consecutive victory by beating the University of South Carolina's No. 2 man, Henry Hanley, 6-1, 6-0.



RUPERT BORSALT, a rodeo runner from Wrentham, Texas, became the Texas state champion when he beat nine-time winner Dr. H. L. Craven of Brownwood in a two-hour match in Fort Worth. Dr. Craven conceded with eight checkers still on the board.



JEFF HENSON, wrestling team co-captain at The Hill School in Pottsville, Pa., finished his third year of competition with a season record of 12 straight wins, first place in the 130-pound class at the Lehigh Prep tournament and a career total of 36 wins, one defeat.



DEBBIE HEGER, 14-year-old roller skater from Cincinnati, outdist four state rivals and some 30 boys in her age group to win the prom division of the Southwestern Ohio Junior Roller League indoor meet. She scored 395 out of a possible 403 in her final match.



JOHN (Paddy) MCCRARY, son of TV's Tex McCrary and Jinx Falkenberg and a freshman at the University of California in Berkeley, ran the 330-yard intermediate hurdles in 37.8, a new freshman record and a full second under the university's varsity mark.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

NORTH OF THE BORDER

Sirs:

I would like to thank you very much for printing the letter of A. J. McIntyre (19th Hole, March 22). He brilliantly explained that hockey is a resounding success in Toronto only because there are no other activities of interest here. How fortunate I am to have at last been enlightened. I have lived in Toronto all my life under the impression that I inhabit a sports town that I could be proud of.

I should have realized that they were pulling my leg when they told me that E. P. Taylor's Northern Dancer was voted the outstanding 3-year-old of 1964. What a fool I was to believe the rumors that our own George Chuvalo is a top-ranking heavy-weight contender. How ridiculous I was one day last summer when I went to the Canadian National Exhibition (the largest annual exposition in the world, they say) to see a track meet supposedly featuring one of the best half milers in history. Imagine my disappointment when I had to settle for Bill Crothers. And, of course, I should have known all along that any city with only two pro football teams must be strictly bush.

How I envy Mr. McIntyre! It must be wonderful to live in a real sports town, where you can see first-class teams like the Giants, the Mets, the Knicks and, oh yes, those marvelous Rangers.

MICHAEL WAYNE

Toronto, Ont.

Sirs:

I am sorry that New Yorker A. J. McIntyre has found that there is little of interest in Toronto but hockey, but we think that is quite a lot. For instance, on Saturday night my blood brother and I fought off the Indians, reached our canoes and went to see "our guys" beat the Rangers from the big, big city 4-1. Then on Sunday "our guys" went to New York (by stage coach, I think) and beat the bad guys again, by the score of 10-1. Unfortunately Mr. McIntyre probably wasn't there; he was at a Broadway show, or some other form of entertainment that big city guys go to. But being a back-town boy I will just be satisfied to see our guys win the Stanley Cup again.

P. J. J. CAVALIERO

Toronto, Ont.

Sirs:

Reader Bob Hallenbeck claims Roger Matus and Whitney Ford would not be recognized in Montreal, Canada's largest city. On the contrary these fine gentlemen would be recognized right here in Regina, Saskatchewan—

was—if only they (and Mr. Hallenbeck) knew where it was.

G. R. RACINE

Regina, Sask.

Sirs:

Just to set the record straight the New York Rangers' "expanded farm system" did not produce Rod Seiling as Mr. Hallenbeck states. Seiling is a product of the Toronto Maple Leafs' farm system. The truth is the Rangers' farm system is sadly inadequate and might produce players of Seiling's ability if it could be brought up to the standard set by Toronto.

KEN BURCHESKY

Durham, N.C.

STICKS AND STONES

Sirs:

Barbara La Fontaine is to be highly congratulated for her report of the curling playoff games leading to a championship for the U.S. (*A Stone's Throw to a Floundering*, March 15). Hers was one of the best and, more particularly, most factual smelers on the sport ever to come to my attention. As far as curling is concerned, other writers on both sides of the border could read it to good advantage.

It is hoped that the U.S. victory will bring about a strong revival of this splendid team sport in the U.S. and lead to the kind of popularity it enjoys in Canada and (in an increasing measure) in Sweden where it was born, as well as Sweden, Norway and Switzerland.

L. W. C. STURGEON, M.D.
Vice-President

Ontario Curling Association

Welland, Ont.

Sirs:

As an avid young Canadian curler, I read with much amusement your article on curling. I say "with amusement" because anyone who knows the least bit about curling couldn't help but be amused by the ridiculous manner in which the article was written. While curling is as yet an infant sport below the 49th parallel, I'm sure that the vast majority of those who read your magazine know enough about it to comprehend and to expect a much more mature article. A similarly written article about any other sport, as baseball or football, certainly wouldn't help the image of your magazine.

As for curling being a gentle sport, would you consider throwing 4½ tons of granite and running 14.2 miles while sweeping for all you're worth, in the matter of a few days, a gentle matter?

As a closing note I would like to mention that there are no such words in curling terminology as "bend" or "curve," which the writer used frequently to refer to the curl of the rock.

Anyone for toddlerslunks?

T. J. SARGEANT

Gimli, Man.

Sirs:

Your coverage of the 1965 curling matches in Seattle and Scotland was superb, as were the photos of the rinks in action. For a long time we American curlers have had to bear with the condescending smiles and amused tolerance of our noncurling friends. Now we can smile right back at them. SI takes us seriously!

LESLIE HATHAWAY

Seattle

CAPITAL GAINS

Sirs:

In recent weeks various readers have sung the praises of New York, Los Angeles or St. Louis as America's sports capital. But the real sports capital of America has been completely overlooked. It is Chicago.

James Thompson (19th Hole, March 22) talks about the line play and excitement of the St. Louis teams. In Chicago we can (and do) proudly boast the hockey Black Hawks, the football Bears, plus the baseball Cubs and White Sox. As for broadcasting, Vin Scully and Harry Caray put together couldn't plug in a microphone for the great Jack Brickhouse.

BRAD SHAH

Glenview, Ill.

Sirs:

The sports Mecca of the U.S. is either St. Louis or Baltimore. Los Angeles is a close third, New York is fourth and San Francisco is a distant fifth.

WILLIAM KELLY

Long Island City, N. Y.

Sirs:

I must stand up for the glorious city of Minneapolis. However, contrary to previous letters, I do not consider Minneapolis the Mecca of sports, rather, it is the Black Hole of Calcutta.

We have a baseball team unfit to be in any major league, even the National! We have a poor pro football team, a worse hockey team and no basketball team. If it were not for the Golden Gophers, Minneapolis would be without sport at all.

DAVID C. LEIGHTON

Minneapolis

continued

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19TH HOLE continued

SUPERFAN

Sirs:

The recent, wonderful article by William Leggett on the Philadelphia Phillies (*An Epic that Ended as a Tragedy*, March 1) contains one of the understatements of the year. In describing Ruben Amaro's father, Santos Amaro, Leggett said that he is "a longtime baseball fan." True enough, but Santos Amaro was, and is, quite a bit more than just a fan. He was one of the greatest players that I have ever seen, and in 1964 he did not manage a team in the Mexican League, that must have been the first year in about 40 that he has been out of baseball.

In his prime Santos Amaro could have played on any ball club anywhere in the world. There was one reason he did not: he was black. Other Cubans had played in the majors, but they were always light in color.

Santos could perform at any spot on the baseball field, except as a pitcher. In 1936 I saw him in a four-game series against an American League All-Star team headed by Rogers Hornsby, and including such players as Pinky Higgins, Red Kress, Eric McNair, and pitchers such as Ted Lyons and Jack Knott. In this series at Nuevo Laredo, Mexico, Santos played in the outfield, and in the four games he got 13 hits. All in all, he played for 25 years and usually hit around .500 for his games.

But it was as a catcher that Santos was at his best. I have seen Hartnett, Berra and Dickey, and none of them was any better than Santos Amaro. You cannot say anything about a baseball catcher better than that.

BILL WALSH

McAllen, Texas

REGURDS

Sirs:

Now that the season is over, I'd like to take this opportunity to thank you for both your cover story on Bill Bradley at the beginning of the season (Dec. 7) and your article about the Princeton-Providence game (*A Whole Team Touched by Starline*, March 22). I suppose more people than you care to count have reminded you of some of your incorrect forecasts, so it took a lot of courage to stick your neck out for an Ivy League.

STEVEN H. PRINCE

Ithaca, N. Y.

Sirs:

Bradley, me eye! What about the best player on the best team, Gail Goodrich, the man who had 28 points in 28 minutes against the same decimated team (sans the great Stallworth and the tall Bowman) from Wichita that Bradley and his buddies stepped on after their UCLA letdown in a much more important game?

PATRICK E. RUDMAN

New York City

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